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Cedar Brakes and Hamilton Prairie

Story of
Four Pioneer Iowa Families

By W. E. SANDERS, M.D.

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By W. E. Sanders, M.D.

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Foreword

This little story is not primarily concerned with the genealogy of the pioneer people of the area with which it deals. Neither does it undertake to record again the joys and sorrows, the romances and tragedies, the hopes and disappointments of rural life in the Middle West. Its purpose is to recapture the changing social pattern of a community of Iowa farmers through three or four generations during one of the most colorful periods in American life.

The material consists of a rather intimate sampling of four representative families, supplemented by a generous body of facts and traditions concerning their contemporary neighbors, all of which contributed to the society of which we all became a part.

We have chosen the four families because representative survivors of these lines could document their records over a period of a century and a half or longer. They had been in touch with the community until it came of age about the close of the nineteenth century and could supply dependable records down to the present date.

It is with a deep sense of personal loss that the author must note the passing of Mrs. Owen L. Whitlatch and Mr. Clarence C. Brdiges, co-sponsors of the Doud and Pack families before the story was completed. He wishes also to express his appreciation to Miss Grace Clemons of Storm Lake, Iowa, and Mrs. Joseph Hall of Clay Center, Kansas, for their records of the Lyman and Wharton families in America. To all these and many others, and particularly to his wife, Blanche Calvert Sanders, who has edited this manuscript, the author gives his sincere thanks.

Tucson, Arizona

April, 1958

I. Physiography, Climate and Resources

Between two worlds life hovers as a star,
'Twixt night and morn. Upon the horizon's verge
How little do we know that which we are;
How less, what we may be. The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on and bears afar
Our bubbles. As the old burst, new emerge
Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave, but as some swelling waves.
—From "Don Juan" by Lord George Gordon Byron

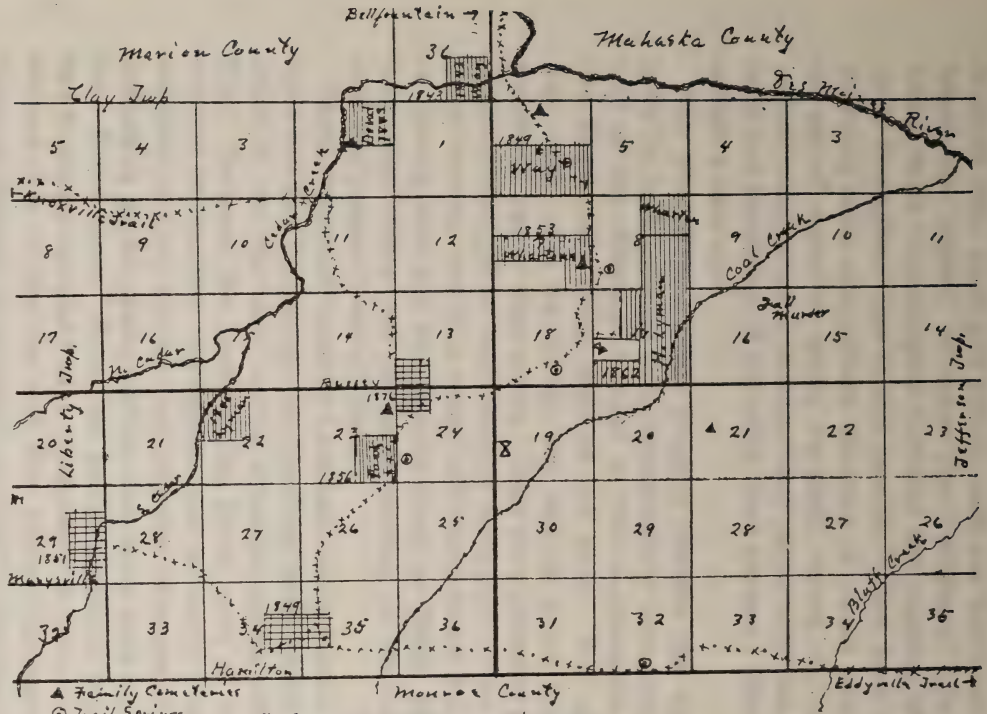
We shall call the small community with which we are here concerned, Cedar Brakes and Hamilton Prairie. Located on about twenty sections of land lying between Cedar creek and Coal creek, the area is approximately six miles long and four miles wide and extends from the old inland town of Hamilton to the Des Moines river, and diagonally crosses the eighteenth meridian that lies east of the present town of Bussey. It is half in Liberty township, Marion county, and half in Jefferson township, Mahaska county, Iowa.

It was originally settled by Protestant English, Scotch and Irish families who came west overland or by way of the Ohio river about the time the remaining Sac and Fox lands in Iowa were opened to settlement. Cedar Brakes and Hamilton Prairie may be defined as a single region geographically and socially. But its two parts differed considerably in their political and sectarian doctrines.

No matter from whence the early settlers came or what their political and religious faith, they were all bound for the cheap lands and free life which the Iowa prairie offered as soon as the Indians vacated.

Their history is a new Odyssey of pioneer families who grubbed, cleared, plowed and tamed their farms on the brakes and prairies. To them and their children Range 18 west on Parallel 74 north between Coal creek and Cedar creek was to become a fixed meridian for the next half century.

Some of their descendants, now scattered widely from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have preserved commendable


Bellfountain
Marion County
Mahasta County
Clay Twp
Big Muddy River
Cedar Creek
Coal Creek
Jail Murder
Liberty Twp
Jefferson Twp
Bluff Creek
Eddyville Trail
Marysville
Hamilton
Monroe County
▲ Family Cemeteries
◎ Trail Springs
Black Smiths
"Cedar Brakes-Hamilton Prairie"

records of their families and have made them available to the author, who remembers almost everyone of them from the first through the third generation.

The style of presentation is not new. It follows the pattern used by the Greeks in recording the marvelous feats of their gods and heroes, and our Germanic forebears who related in verse the traditional tales with which their minnesingers flattered the vanities of regal lords throughout the feudal period. They sang of the yearning loves and gallant devotion of young knights in an age of chivalry; while we shall record the simpler joys of creative labor, seasoned and salted with the sweat, tears and loneliness of the early Iowa pioneer. They both reflect a new age.

The Des Moines river roughly divides the state of Iowa in half, flowing in a southeasterly direction. The roof of the drainage system in the southwestern half lies about fifty miles west of the river. The streams that come into the lower Des Moines from the west are creeks rather than rivers. They flow between prairie ridges running from southwest to northeast. Two of the larger streams are Soap creek and Cedar creek, the former coming into the Des Moines river at Eldon and the latter just below the old boat landing at Bellfountain near the present town of Tracy.

These two creeks seem to have been early Indian routes from the Des Moines to the Chariton river which flows south to the big bend in the Missouri above Jefferson City. Between the forks of the Cedar west of the old town of Marysville, the Indians had an early Stone-age industry, judging by the great number of stemmed spear and arrow points, heavy pottery and stone axes that have been found there. From the earliest historic times the Des Moines river and Cedar creek seem to have been the defense line of the Sac and Fox against the sedentary Sioux in Missouri who carried on a traffic with the prairie Sioux as far north as the Pipestone quarries in Minnesota. The Sac and Fox had well-traveled trails on both sides of the Des Moines river below Red Rock. They controlled the race course on the east bottom below Ottumwa and

the much coveted hard maple forest near Eldon where they camped in the spring to make maple sugar.

It was from this region that Keokuk and the Sac and Fox nations were removed to Fort Des Moines when they ceded their land to the settlers May 1, 1843, to await final removal to the prairie of Kansas. This Second Sac and Fox purchase comprised an area of about twenty thousand sections from which later were established twenty or more counties, of which Mahaska and Marion were among the first showing purchase.

As the first pioneer families covered the last lap of their long trek from Ohio or Indiana, they must have noted the broad valley of the Des Moines when they forded the river at Eddyville and the coal measure that jutted into the ravines as they wound along the prairie ridge trail to Hamilton. Their interests, however, were centered on the surface of the soil and what they hoped to raise there. Along the margins of the hills they must have seen the boggy, smelly ooze out of which bubbled sluggish springs, quite unlike those they had known along the roads of the Cumberland mountains. It looked like the land of promise but the smell of the mud after the spring rains was more like that of the swamp lands of Indiana than the fragrance of the hills of New England and Pennsylvania. Some of the old ridge roads wound past springs on the prairie where as late as the early seventies, truckers and farmers halted their teams to drink and to feed on the lush grasses. (See Map.)

When the settlers began to sink wells in the prairie, they soon discovered that they rarely struck water until they reached a depth corresponding to the springs on the hillsides. At this level they often discovered a layer of gumbo or sand, somtimes interspersed with boulders, leaves and twigs and occasionally logs of spruce, several inches in diameter. Since these were quite foreign to this region, the question was asked, "How did they get there?" The answer was often a theological one, "If God could make a tree, why could he not make a log under the earth as well as grow a forest upon it?"

When geologists later began to make their surveys of southern Iowa, they discovered that the rugged surface had been several times covered by huge polar ice sheets that edged their way southward from the Hudson Bay region, carrying exotic relics along for hundreds of miles. They noted, too, that it was the melting of these glacial ice sheets over a period of thousands of years that inundated the marginal lands and ground narrow frozen channels into broad undulating river valleys such as the Des Moines and its larger tributaries. By a trip of a few hundred miles into the forests and lakes of the Canadian border, geologists can still see this marvelous phenomenon after a hundred thousand years of lifeless frigidity.

Besides the stony bottomed fords and pebbled boat landings of the Des Moines river's tributaries, such streams as Cedar creek offered many advantages to the early settlers. A next to never failing water supply, the lower Cedar remained for half a century a remarkably good fishing stream, particularly during the spring months. With hook and bait a patient farmer might catch a few scale fish and a catfish on a rainy morning to break the monotony of corn bread, molasses and pickled pork diet with at least an occasional Friday fish dinner.

The pools of this stream were well suited to the washing of sheep before spring shearing. They were the rendezvous of the housewife's flock of ducks about the time their down was plucked for the baby's pillow. Cedar bottom was sufficiently forested to furnish posts, logs, rails and saw timber for the new rural community, and in its native state the creek provided water power for the operation of saw and grist mills. In fall and winter the woods were full of fur and game animals, and in the copses and thickets the prairie chickens and the quail huddled together for protection throughout the long stormy winter. As late as the seventies a good hunter with a caller and a bird dog might get a turkey for Christmas.

There were hazelnuts, hickory nuts, butternuts, wal-

nuts, wild berries, grapes, chokecherries, black haws, and an endless variety of wild plums and crab apples, some of which could be gathered and eaten almost any time from June till Thanksgiving. With a rifle, an ax, a few tools, a cow, some sheep and domestic fowls, a couple with good health and a will to work need not go hungry.

With an apprenticeship in practical living on their farm homes, young people on the frontier learned to do most tasks well, and soon after marriage became particularly resourceful in adapting themselves to the simple arts of living. They were generally thrifty and of good sturdy stock, else they would not have been pioneering on the prairie. It might be said of them, "The cowards never started and the weak died along the way."

The life they were undertaking was not to be easy but neither had it been for their ancestors, many of whom lived through the gloomy years of the Revolution and the frontier wars that followed. It had been a century in which Americans lived by work, not by wages and now they were ready for the great epic. It was an essence of the same spirit that prompted them to spill out over the Cumberland road into the Ohio valley almost before the smoke of the Revolutionary cannon cleared away; and to make their way into Kentucky and Indiana about the time Boone, Wayne and Harrison were driving the Indians beyond the Wabash. They were then to take the final leap across the Mississippi and establish homes on the prairie.

II. Prologue—An Epochal Adventure

The moon rose full over the eastern horizon of Hamilton Prairie on the evening of April 30, 1843. A few adventurers of the Iowa frontier had been scouting about Cedar creek and the surrounding hills for a year or two, searching for the most suitable lands to build future homes for their families. Since the ice had broken in the spring three young men from a considerable distance down the river had been chopping down trees and hewing out logs with which to build their cabins as soon as the government at Washington would permit settlers to enter.

Iowa was at that time a huge territory extending from the Missouri line north to the Canadian border, including part of what later became the Dakotas. The little responsible law enforcement it possessed was administered by military units, commonly called Dragoons, and a few federal judges. For southern Iowa the seat of this jurisdiction was at Burlington.

The oldest of these adventurers was Stanford Doud, a square-shouldered man in his late thirties. He was widely experienced for his day, having been a frontiersman, a farmer and a small businessman in Pennsylvania and Ohio before he came west. He could trace his lineage in America to a reform Christian colony that settled in New England about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The next older man was Horace Lyman, a married man of English extraction whose ancestors had come to Massachusetts colony about 1640. He was born in the Finger Lake district of western New York soon after the War of 1812, not far from the Erie canal over which thousands of easterners a few years later made their way by the Great Lakes to the frontiers along the Mississippi. Horace was a muscular, angular-jawed six-footer with prominent ears that gave him an air of awareness of what was going on about him throughout his long and busy life.

The youngest of the three was Joshua Way, a spare, daring, hard-working man without formal education who had just rounded his twenty-first year. He was born in the wilderness of Wayne county, Indiana, in 1822, only a few years after General William Henry Harrison had finally defeated the Shawnee on the Wabash. In company with his parents he had made his way to Van Buren county, Iowa, in 1837, the same year that Abraham Lincoln moved to Springfield. Joshua was only fifteen when the family reached Iowa.

Apparently not entirely satisfied with all that he had seen on the way west, he soon set out on the Indian trail north along the Des Moines river to possibly explore for himself the region about the mouth of the Cedar. It was at that time the land of the Sac and Fox Indians with government headquarters at Agency, near which the greatest of their chiefs and warriors, Black Hawk, was still living. This was five or six years before settlers were allowed on the lands and so Joshua soon returned to Keosauqua.

A few years later the two older men, Stanford Doud and Horace Lyman, arrived to establish their families in temporary quarters there. The new town was a friendly frontier village consisting chiefly of recent immigrants with common backgrounds and experiences. It is highly probable that the enthusiastic young Way regaled the Douds and the Lymans with what he had discovered up the river five years before.

It is known that Lyman and Doud came up the trail in 1842, built themselves a wickiup with poles and bark on the section where an Indian path crossed Cedar creek, and determined as soon as legally possible to establish their homes near there. They had been threatened by a small band of armed Indians who found Doud and a fellow adventurer, named Polly, hewing a canoe out of a log in the forest, and they had been chased by the United States Dragoons for trespassing on Indian lands before they were opened for settlement. Doud qualified for a homestead at the territorial land office at Fairfield in 1842, though he could not legally settle on it before

the following year. No doubt Lyman and Way had secured like documents when the three came north on the trail in the spring of 1843.

When the hour of midnight struck, these three men made their way through the paths of the forest to stake out their homesteads in Section 36, Clay township, and 2 and 22 in what later became Liberty township, Marion county, Iowa. The great era had arrived when history was to begin anew in south central Iowa. The first legal settlement on land of the Second Sac and Fox Purchase occurred by moonlight a few minutes after midnight, May the first, 1843.

Within a day or two the two older men made their way down the Indian trail to Keosauqua and their anxious families, while Josua Way remained on the brakes of the Cedar to defend their claims against all contenders. It was a tramp of three or four days with several streams to ford which might be roaring torrents in uncertain spring weather. There were perhaps a few squatters at the Ottumwa crossing, but they were probably otherwise alone in the wilderness. It required several months to fit out the two families for the return trip to the Promised Land.

It must have been a trying journey for the young wives and their children. The Dragoon trail from Agency to Fort Des Moines followed the east bottom of the river up past the old Hard Fish village where Eddy had his post. It then veered off to the ridge, not far from the present town of Pella, and came into Fort Des Moines from the east by way of Prairie City. Our pioneer families could follow this trail as far as Eddyville without difficulty and ford the rock bottomed river into Hamilton Prairie along the ridge of the Mahaska-Monroe county lines. How Stanford Doud and Horace Lyman got their families, teams, and belongings from Eddyville ford to their farm homesteads on Cedar Brakes we have no record. The terrain is terribly hilly and broken across Jefferson township, Mahaska county, and as late as the eighties was hardly passable with team and wagon.

A few other families were trying to get into Cedar

Brakes about the time Lyman, Doud and Way were settling down on their homesteads. These pioneers probably assisted each other as the Mormon trains did a few years later when they crossed southern Iowa. A younger brother of Stanford Doud, Eliab, came with him to Van Buren county in 1842 and was with him and Horace Lyman in one or two of their adventures on Cedar creek before they filed claim to their lands. Once when they were returning to Keosauqua on horseback, they narrowly escaped drowning when they swam their horses across Soap creek. Whether Eliab accompanied the Doud and Lyman families when they returned up the river to their new farms is not known.

Joshua Way married Elois Doud, Stanford's oldest daughter, soon after the Douds moved into their new log cabin. Later he became the richest farmer in Jefferson township. His possessions were in land and livestock, and no one ever accused him of having a dishonest dollar. At the end of his life about the close of the century, there was a tradition that when he first appeared in the community, he had an ax on his shoulder and only two bits in his pocket. Of the three men on the border of the prairie who went out at midnight May 1, 1843, to win the golden fleece, Joshua Way was the daring Jason.

The author's ancestors, the John Whartons, were pioneering in the bogs and forests of eastern and northern Indiana at the time Hamilton Prairie was being settled. They were the middle-aged parents of twelve sons and daughters, about half of whom were married and had young children of their own. The two older sons left their families in Indiana and joined the great overland rush to California in the summer of 1850.

Stanford Doud also went west to the diggings over the Oregon trail and John Lyman, a younger brother of Horace, sailed out of New York harbor and around the Horn to seek his fortune in the Golden West. These four enterprising souls, who within the next five years

became pioneering neighbors on the Iowa prairie, may have met by accident near the Golden Gate and decided that Iowa, the beautiful, with its golden corn and autumn oaks and maples was, after all, the best place for free and honest men.

In the spring of 1853 Robert, the oldest of the ten living Wharton children, appeared at Hamilton Prairie and bought a homestead in Jefferson township before a furrow had been turned on Sections 7, 8, 9, 17, or 18. Within the next few years his parents and his nine brothers and sisters with their growing families, followed him.

During the great immigration into Iowa in 1856, another Indiana family appeared on the prairies and established its home on a beautiful ridge farm about two miles north of the new inland town of Hamilton. They were of Virginia extraction. The father, Abraham Pack, was born in Kentucky two days after Abraham Lincoln, Februry 14, 1809. He married his bride at Portsmouth, Ohio. Her parents, a Lee family from Virginia, lived near there. The Packs had eleven children who attained maturity, most of whom were born after they reached Iowa. They came overland by wagon train from near Edinburg, Indiana, and entered Iowa at Keokuk.

The Pack families that remained in the settlement were thrifty people who lived comfortably in the better farm houses and gave one the impression that they were more concerned with good and decent living than in growing rich. They seemed to have retained something of the plantation family spirit. All of the Four Families made large and lasting contributions to the society of Hamilton Prairie.

The romantic historian will always be thrilled by the heroic spirit of the pioneers who surged into the western prairies before the Indian war whoop had fairly died away. They had all the courage and endured most of the hardships of the French fur traders in the forests and on the plains, and of the British commercialists who established their posts along the Atlantic and gulf

coasts and the inland waterways of North America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Yet they were not of the same piece. The Iowa prairie pioneers came to make homes.

They imagined their families would eventually become a middle class gentry, a miniature replica of the English landed class. Something akin to this had already been realized by the Dutch in New York and Pennsylvania, and by the colonial fathers along the Atlantic seaboard. It was a legitimate ambition as long as land remained the basis of wealth. It had had the blessing of the church and the sanction of kings since the age of chivalry. Nothing was to be too good for the new sovereign citizen.

The primary sources of power continued to be, as had been true since the beginning of the early Iron age, the ox yoke, the water wheel, man himself and the soil. Supplemented by the skills of craft guilds and individual handicraft this might, as far as anyone could foresee, go on unchanged for centuries. With an established pattern of living and a vast new region beyond the Mississippi awaiting the coming of civilized man, nothing seemed impossible. With these sources of power at hand and the bounteous gifts of nature awaiting them, it is not surprising that young men and women of courage should have joined the great wave of migration now flowing into the West.

Since the close of the War of 1812 an ambitious young nation had crossed the continent to the Pacific; established its northern border at Parallel 49 and its southern at Key West and the Rio Grande; driven the Indians off two and one-fourth million square miles of land; successfully invaded and defeated its sister republic of Mexico, outsmarted the king of Spain in the trade for Florida; admitted two of its most promising possessions, Texas and California, into the new Union of sovereign states; and driven the Mormons beyond the western mountains to the shores of Great Salt Lake.

With these astounding national achievements taking

place in a single generation, it would seem that an Anglo-Saxon people who had won their independence from the mother country by revolution and confirmed it by a second war, should have felt themselves secure any place the Stars and Stripes unfurled in the breeze.

As it takes all kinds of people to make up a society, where these have failed in the descendants of the "Four Families" we are about to record, we shall draw on some adjacent communities to complete the general social pattern of the prairie civilization of which we became a part.

III. Four Pioneer Families

The Stanford Doud Family

The Doud Family in America—1639-1958

Henry b. (?), d. 1668
John b. 1650, d. 1712
David I b. 1695, d. 1740
Captain Giles b. 1735, d. 1776
David II b. 1765, d. (?)
David III b. (?), d. (?)
Stanford b. 1804
David IV b. 1807 (?)
John Mason b. 1809(?)
Eliab b. 1812
} Four brothers who brought the Doud name to Iowa in 1840

When Stanford Doud moved his little family into their new log cabin on the second terrace of Cedar Creek in 1843, he probably was repeating an experience that this branch of the Douds had been going through in America ever since the Revolution.

Stanford Doud was born in Luzern county, Pennsylvania, in 1804. He was the oldest son of David Doud III and Rebecca Fear Stanford who had for some reason migrated into the Susqehanna valley about the turn of the century. Stanford received his Christian name from his mother and he in turn passed it on to his second son. Rebecca died when Stanford was about eight, leaving him and his three younger brothers, David, John Mason and Eliab, motherless. These four sons, after they became mature men, carried the Doud name into Iowa. Their father, David III, must have remarried, for the Iowa records show there were Harriet, Norton, Alonzo and Edward who seem to have remained in Ohio.

Stanford's first wife was Sarah Converse. She like his own mother died leaving him with four small children. They were living at the time in Guernsey county, Ohio,

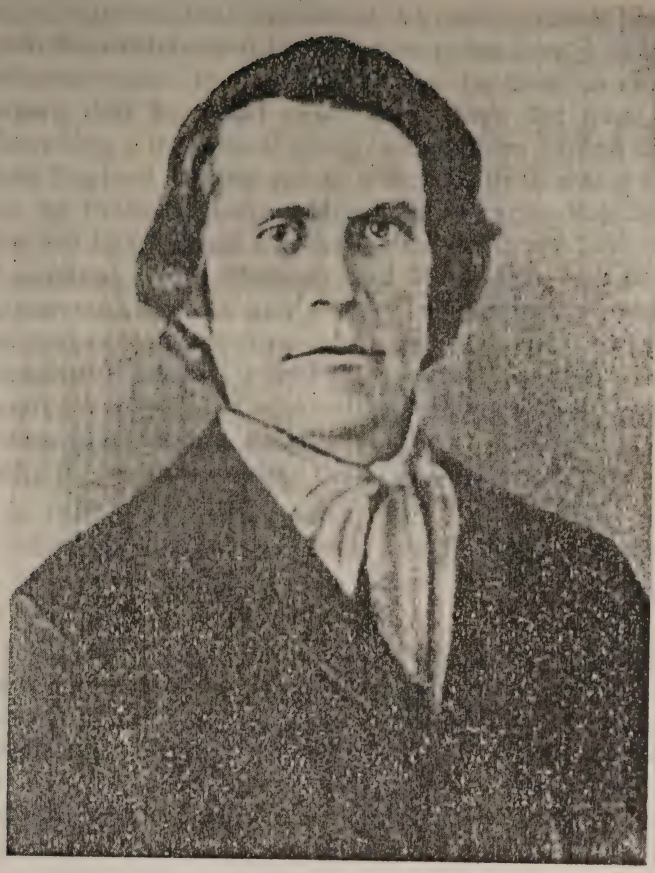
where Stanford was a farmer and small town merchant. Before leaving Ohio he married Catherine Helen Stuart. To them were born ten children. Four of them died in infancy or early childhood in the new log cabin on the Cedar bottom. Stanford was a middle-aged man who had already experienced many sorrows and privations before he settled down to make a new home in Iowa.

Some place along the way between the War of 1812 and 1840 the four Doud boys from northeastern Pennsylvania had acquired a superior education for their day that well qualified them for the several civic duties that fell upon them in the organization of civil government on the lower Des Moines about the time Iowa became a state. The extant letters of Stanford are in well organized terse English and they are written in the Spencerian hand that prevailed among educated commoners a hundred years ago. Stanford was selected foreman of the first grand jury in Marion county; was elected county surveyor in 1845; plotted the town of Hamilton and later laid out the Dutch town of Pella and some other hamlets on the prairie. With Horace Lyman he built the first water power saw mill on Cedar Creek.

In the Haymaker home, adjoining his farm, there was a subscription school, the first educational undertaking in the township. This was probably ten years before the Egypt school house was built a mile east of the Doud homestead. There was little doubt that Stanford's counsel and support fostered both of these undertakings.

From what the author remembers of his son and two daughters who grew up, married and were rearing their families in the neighborhood in the eighties, he is sure the English spoken in the Doud home was superior to that used by most of the frontier families.

There is perhaps only one man now living in Marion county who ever saw Stanford Doud. He is a grandson, Arza Godfrey, now eighty-nine. He remembers his grandfather as a powerful, erect, broadshouldered, cleanly shaven man of patriarchial mien. His photograph here



Stanford Doud, Sr., 1804-1891

reproduced shows him to have been a man of commanding features quite in keeping with his achievements.

The author's parents who knew him when he was about fifty, often spoke of him as Colonel Doud. Among the early settlers on the prairie a man who had been first on the frontier, who had pleaded cases in justice court, had participated in the civil organization of his county and had been its early surveyor was worthy of this distinction. The three of his children whom the author knew in his early youth had the poise and bearing of their father.

Although Stanford Doud had no personal commitments

to the churches that dominated the community of his day, from the evidences of his devotion to his family he was a religious man. In the Cedar valley he lived so close to nature that he could never have been far from God. There was a traditional Congregationalism behind him in New England but the age in which he lived was a trying one for Protestantism in America. Sectarian bigotry was rife and Mormonism was spreading westward beyond the Mississippi. Free Masonry and Methodism had become mixed with politics and slavery, and public worship on the prairie was oftentimes a noisy emotionalism that many thoughtful people sought to escape. Stanford had a neighbor on one side who believed in water witching and ghosts and another equally near who believed in himself. It was to the latter that the Douds adherred.

In 1840 in Guernsy county, Ohio, Stanford had joined Center Lodge 86 of the Masons and in 1859 he transferred to the Lovilla Lodge in Iowa. Again in 1891 he demitted to the Masonic Lodge in Douds.

Doud's politics were Republican. He liked people and public life. Had he lived two miles east, he would have been a citizen of a Republican township and county. This might have been an advantage to a man of his spirit. Liberty township has remained to this day rather consistently Democratic. In their family and social patterns, the author believes, the Douds resemble the Packs more than the Lymans and Whartons.

Despite an unusual amount of sickness and several deaths, Stanford seems to have been prosperous, for he enlarged his farm to about four hundred acres. The tract about the house was deeply wooded and was noted for its wonderful black walnut timber until after the Civil war. It is said that as the land was cleared and these trees cut down, they were dragged into the deep gullies and left to decay. Had the owners only waited another generation, these logs would have been worth several times more than the land is even today.

The physical hardships which Stanford Doud suffered on the frontiers of Ohio, in the long overland trek

west, and for the first twenty years of his pioneering in the Cedar bottom in Iowa required a vitality and persistence that must have been noteworthy.

In this history of the Douds on "Hamilton Prairie" and "Cedar Brakes" the author is concerned chiefly with Stanford Doud, sr., and his children by his first and second wives, who matured and married there and from whom he will follow two or three succeeding generations. These are the generations who lived through the horrors of the Civil war with its economic aftermath of boom and depression, the coming of the railroad, the exploitation of the coal fields, the awesome periods of World Wars I and II with their slaughter by arms and pestilence, the austere poverty of the thirties and now the discovery of nuclear power that threatens civilization.

The Doud family seems to have discovered much earlier than most families that the land was becoming over populated soon after the Civil war. Stanford's whole life had been spent in an economy of brief booms and prolonged depressions of 1819, 1829, 1837, 1857 and 1873-1879. As the economy of the working people shifted from handcrafts to cheap land farming, and from merchandising to industrial mass employment, the frontier farmer fared little better than did the working man. He had neither credit, capital nor transportation. The Grange movement was just coming in.

After Stanford, sr., was widowed a second time, in a double wedding ceremony he married Elizabeth Darnall, the younger sister of Martha Darnall, who became the wife of Stanford, jr. Elizabeth seems to have escaped the family scourge of tuberculosis, for she lived to have a family of seventeen children after they moved to Van Buren county, from whence Stanford had come some twenty-five years before. His brothers had established themselves in homes and attained recognition in the town of Douds, and Van Buren county was much more developed than was Marion county. The railroad had already reached Eldon. Records show that

Stanford was a justice of the peace there and continued his farming.

First Doud Generation in Marion County

1845-1865

Stanford Doud and Sarah Converse
- Elois
- Letharissa
- Cicero
- Stanford

Stanford Doud and Catherine Helen Stuart
- Owen
- Susan
- Eliab
- Virginia
- Iowa
- Edward

Stanford Doud and Elizabeth Darnall
- (Third family born in Eldon, Iowa)

Elois Doud Way

Elois Doud was for a few short years the wife of Stanford's young friend, Joshua Way. She died about 1854, leaving three small daughters, Catherine, Lydia, Emily, and one son, Asberry. From her home on the prairie they brought her and buried her beside her stepmother, more like sisters than parent and child. On an oak terrace on the banks of the Cedar, not far from the cabin homestead, still lie the white marble tombstones. The owls and whippoorwills by night and the ravens and mourning doves by day certainly would not let the father and husband forget them.

Catherine Way married Daniel Horn, a Civil war veteran. She died in Kansas about the time of the grasshopper scourge and left a young son, Asberry, named for his uncle. Lydia Way married George Wright. They had two sons who died in infancy and two daughters, Josephine who married Jake Pegeler and Emily Jane who married a Mr. Matthewson.

Neither had children. Emily Way married Thomas Mann and to them were born eight children, seven of whom lived to maturity and married. The Manns were a prosperous family and in the early eighties they lived in a two story white frame house on the north side of the Cedar in Clay township, about two miles from the Doud homestead. The family later moved to the neighborhood of Pella. None of this family seems to have lived in Liberty township. Asberry Way never married but died of tuberculosis at the age of twenty-four after being mustered out of the army.

Letharissa Doud Burton

The second daughter of Stanford, Letharissa, married a young cabinet maker, William Burton, who lived in the old river town of Bellfountain. They had several children but only two of them lived to maturity. The son, Flodardo, married Lucy Moulton. They had six children. The daughter, Sedora, married William E. Frazer. They soon moved to Walnut, Pottawattamie county. They had nine children. One son became a Catholic priest in Puerto Rico; another moved to Prescott, Arizona, and several of the others settled around Omaha and moved to California. They were all lost to Marion county.

Cicero Doud

When Stanford returned from the gold fields of California the voyage was a stormy one around the Horn and took forty days but his son, Cicero, who had accompanied him to California was not with him. (See Prologue.) He remained there and reared his family in Eureke. Later a brother joined him and still later a third Doud son settled in Eureke.

Stanford Doud. jr.

Stanford Doud, jr., was born in 1830. His first wife, Martha Darnall, the daughter of James Darnall, a neighbor, bore him a son, Frances B. but died soon after from the bite of a rattlesnake. Frances married Laura Dean in Bussey where they reared their family and

spent their lives. Their son, Owen, (Jenks) married Sabra Barnhill. He died a year or two ago in Bussey. A daughter, Ella, married Will Webber in Bussey in the early nineties and they had a large family of children. They spent most of their lives in western Nebraska. Ella, now a widow, is still living at the age of about eighty in Springdale, Arkansas.

Soon after the death of his wife, Martha, Stanford, jr., married Eliza Burton, a sister of his brother-in-law, William Burton. She was fourteen years his junior. They had nine children, six of whom were schoolmates and neighbors of the author. One of these, Harry, left a daughter, Maxine, who still bears the Doud name in Bussey where she is the operator of the telephone exchange. A son, Paul, lives in Des Moines.

Andrew, the oldest son of Stanford, jr., lived with his family on the old Doud homestead for a number of years but about 1890 moved to southern Iowa. Valeria L., the only daughter of Stanford, jr., married Charles Bleschmidt, a coal miner. They soon left for Nebraska where their five children were reared. Their oldest son, Stanford III is actively interested in the Marion county Doud history. Theodore S. and Leland, the other heirs of Stanford, jr., left no children.

Stanford, jr., was a carpenter and builder and his son, Harry, and a grandson followed this craft.

Owen Doud

The oldest son of Stanford, sr., and Catherine Helen Stuart, Owen, early in 1858 went overland to California by way of Salt Lake City. Later he, too, was at Eureke, "carrying the mail for Uncle Sam over the mountains on snowshoes," according to a letter he wrote to his sister, Susan Doud Godfrey. He remained in California and so another line of the Doud family was lost to our community.

Eliab Doud

Both Eliab and his younger brother, Edward, enlisted in the Fortieth Iowa Infantry and were at the

Siege of Vicksburg. Later at Jenkins Ferry their colonel charged his command, "Boys, remember your own good name and the fair state that sent you." Eliab died in Andersonville prison.

Edward Doud

When Edward, the drummer boy, returned from his army service, he found that his mother had died during the war years. In 1866 he married his cousin, Saphronia Ann, the daughter of John Mason Doud. They lived on a farm near Douds Station and there they reared their seven children, Tommy, Myrtle, Josephine, Minnie, Owen, Charley and Sadie. After his wife's death, he, too, went west with his family to California; the third of the Stanford Doud, sr., sons to seek his fortune in the Far West.

Susan Helen Doud Godfrey

Of the ten children born to Stanford, sr., by his second marriage it has been noted that two sons left Iowa for California, one was a Civil War casualty and four children died in infancy or early childhood. His three daughters, Susan Helen, Virginia and Iowa, married and have had families and have continued the Doud geneological line, although, of course, not the name, in Iowa.

Susan Helen married Edward Godfrey. It may be of interest to note that the ceremony was performed by the country squire, Horace Lyman, the life-long friend of her father. Of the ten Godfrey children only one of the three daughters, Alice Lily May, lived to maturity. She and her next oldest brother, Edward, when they were growing up, were frequently seen together at public gatherings. They were, the author believes, the only Godfrey children who in their early youth identified themselves with the church in the community. It was a terrible loss and grief to the parents when May died of typhoid fever when about twenty years of age.

The oldest son, Millard Fillmore, grubbed, cleared

and brought under cultivation the remainder of the northeast quarter of Section 14 north of Bussey where the Gypsies came to camp until 1880. He died about ten years ago in the ghost town of Hamilton. He left six children and fourteen grandchildren, some of whom probably live on the old prairie.

Owen Stanford married rather late in life. Their son, Lloyd, is employed by the State Highway Commission and their daughter, Mae Godfrey Gladson lives in Des Moines. Both, the author believes, have children. Owen and his wife passed away after a heroic life in the tragic and lean thirties.

Three sons, Edward Stewart, Malcom Ernest and Charles Walter, left no children. Arza Fay has lived for more than eighty-eight years within a mile of where he was born. He is the only living child of Susan Helen and Edward Godfrey and has a rich fund of information about early life in Liberty and Jefferson townships. Arza is said to have shot more squirrels with a rifle and dug more wells with a spade than any other man in Liberty township. In one undertaking he stopped at sixty feet, having struck no water. He never married.

Virginia Doud Burton

Virginia married William Burton. Their oldest daughter, Clara, married William Mather and lived her whole life in Bussey. They had one son who died in infancy. She, too, was a teacher in the rural school and was throughout her long life an untiring church worker. For many of her later years she was secretary of the Bussey cemetery where so many of the relatives and friends of the early Iowa generations are buried.

Charles, the oldest son, grew to manhood in and about Bussey and married Janette, a sister of his brother-in-law, William Mather. They lived for more than fifty years in Osceola, Iowa, where Charles was employed in some civic work. They had two sons, Lambert and

Jack, both of whom are married and live in New York. Janette died in 1955 and Charles in 1958.

The younger son, Guy, and two sisters, Edna and Ethel, were pupils of the author in Bussey in the spring of 1891. Under his tutelege Edna was able to pass the examinations for a teacher's certificate and that fall she took over the lower grade of that overcrowded school of some seventy pupils. Edna married Owen L. Whitlach, for many years a banker in Allison, Iowa. She was a talented musician and loyal church members. She passed away this last November, 1957, in her home in Allison. She had no children. The younger sister, Ethel, married John Earp and both she and her youngest brother, Guy, have had families but the author has been unable to follow them after they left the prairie.

It is to Edna Whitlatch and her niece, Mae Godfrey Gladson, the daughter of Owen Godfrey, that the author is indebted for their enthusiastic assistance in compiling the geneology of the Doud family and a chronological record of some of their movements and activities. Mae and her brother, Lloyd, have recently had erected a monument at the grave of their Great-grandfather Stanford Doud, sr., at Eldon, Iowa.

Iowa Doud Porter

Iowa married George Washington Porter and a family of nine children were born to them: Mary Josephine, Samantha Jane, Nellie Virginia, James Stanford, Clara Bell, Alice May, Loren Edward, Iowa (Dollie), and Owen. The Porter family moved to the neighborhood of Knoxville and so another link of the Doud clan was lost to the immediate "Cedar Brakes" and "Hamilton Prairie" area.

Stanford Doud, as we have seen, had sixteen children by his first and second wives; of these, however, only ten lived to maturity. Three of his first marriage and three of his second married and reared families in the "Cedar Brakes" community. The author has not undertaken to trace the descendants who left the state

or the children of his third wife who grew up around Eldon in Van Buren county.

The First Lady of the Land, Mamie Doud Eisenhower, seems to belong to a collateral branch of the New England Douds; a brother of Captain Giles Doud of the fourth generation in America.

Since visiting the old family burial plot on the terrace overlooking the little valley of Cedar creek, the author thinks it might be fitting if the old grave stones scattered about could be set up as a historical roadside marker in memory of the first Marion county surveyor, Stanford Doud, sr. It would be a beautiful setting on the old road that winds down the little hill to the bridge on the Cedar.

The Abraham Pack Family

Abraham Pack, 1809-1893, Aged 84; Ruth Lee, 1818-1905, Aged 87

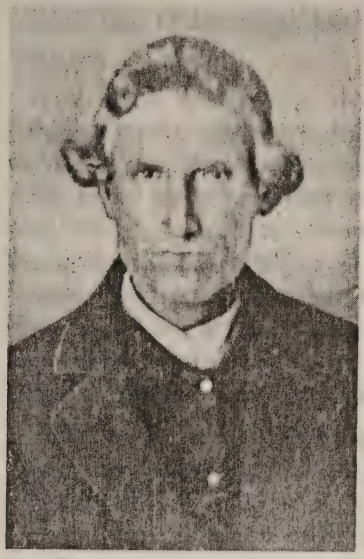
Five Sons	Bennett Jacob
	John Lee
	William
	Richard
	Newton
Five Daughters	Mary
	Eliza Jane
	Phoebe Anne
	Sarah Lavina
	Edith May
	Cassie, died in infancy

In one of the great caravans that wound its way across the mud flats and prairies of Illinois in the summer of 1856 was the Pack family from Edinburg, Indiana. At that time it consisted of the parents, Abraham and Ruth Lee, and four sons and three daughters, ranging in ages between babyhood and twenty.

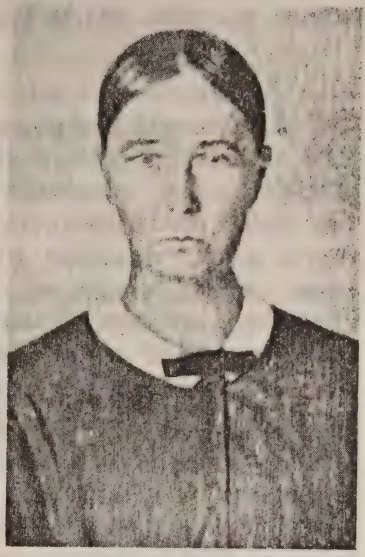
Unlike a good many Indiana families that poured across the Mississippi into Iowa at Burlington during this memorable year, the Packs crossed the river at Keokuk and followed the Des Moines river valley road

to Eddyville and Hamilton. The nature of such an overland trek is vividly described by Hamlin Garland in 1899 in his "Main Traveled Roads." "Along the main traveled roads traveled an endless line of prairie schooners coming into sight in the east, passing out of sight over the swell of the west . . . Mainly the traveled road is long and weariful and has a home of toil at one end and a dull little town at the other." One can only surmise what the old home near Edinburg Indiana, was like but the dull little town of Hamilton at that time was an inland prairie hamlet of only sixty-six souls. (Census of Iowa, J. H. Hull.)

Although the author did not know the Pack parents until they were past middle age, he has the feeling that they were the patriarch and matriarch of the family as Virginia parents had been from Colonial days.



Abraham Pack



Ruth Lee Pack

The photographs, taken more than a hundred years ago, seem to confirm this belief. Regular features, a cleanly shaven face and dark hair distinguish the father. The mother, a blue-eyed blonde, though other-

wise a most comely woman, wore her hair, as was the custom of her day, so precisely prim as to give her face the expression of severity, quite the opposite of her character. The Packs must have been a family of some means, for they settled at once on a choice quarter section of land on the prairie ridge road, a mile south of the present town of Bussey.

Very little is known of the ancestral tree of the parents. Abraham was born in Kentucky, February 14, 1809, two days after his famous rail-splitting countryman, Abraham Lincoln. Ruth Lee was born in eastern Ohio in 1818. Her father was a Virginian and her mother, a Marylander. Abraham and Ruth were married at Portsmouth, Ohio, in 1835, and like the Lincoln family later moved to Indiana. It is probable that their parents were among the early post-Revolution migrants that followed the Cumberland highway west across the Ohio about the end of the Jefferson administration.

The Pack name is a rare one in colonial and post-Revolutionary history. A George and Daniel Pack, privates in the Kentucky militia during the War of 1812, may have been relatives of Abraham. Among English and Welsh surnames there are records of Pakes and Packs from the middle of the sixteenth to the seventeenth century. Whatever the source of the name may be, the Packs of Hamilton Prairie were generally tall, erect, spare blond people, much like the Scotch-English type so common among early settlers.

The Packs were Baptists by faith. They read their Bible, respected the Sabbath and conformed to the best morals of the community. Abraham was consistently Democratic in party principles. He cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson, but in the election of 1860 he voted the northern Democratic Douglas ticket, while a good many Iowans favored Breckenridge. During the years of the Civil war the Packs in Iowa were loyal to the Union and gave two sons to the army, one of whom made the supreme sacrifice. It was perhaps partially

due to the slavery issue that they, like a good many Kentuckians and Missourians, decided to establish homes in Iowa.

It must be assumed that the Packs joined the great migration because they considered the prairies of Iowa the land of greater freedom and larger hopes. The older Pack children who began their school years in Indiana seem to have had a better educational background than most of the author's Wharton relatives of their generation. This is not remarkable, for Edinburg was only a day's drive from Indianapolis, the growing capital of Indiana. Abraham Pack had a brother who married Ruth Lee's sister and a sister who married a Chambers. There is still a family tradition that the Lee sisters were second cousins of General Robert E. Lee.

The author has never been quite clear as to whether some of the families into which the older Pack children soon began to marry came west in the same caravan as the Packs or that they happened to become good friends and neighbors after they arrived. Among them was a family named Fall and a Tennessean born southerner named Bridges. A bond of good fellowship developed among the three families and so as the young people matured, there were several intermarriages among them. This is not surprising since courtship before the horse and buggy days was a well guarded indoor institution, mostly within a closely knit group of neighbors, among whom common faiths and like social ideals prevailed.

The public schools were hardly organized until the close of the Civil war, but Julius Bridges, who was a well educated man for that day, conducted a private subscription school some place along Cedar creek about this time. It is entirely possible that the Packs, the Falls and the Bridges youth attended this school and became interested in one another. The records show that the oldest Pack son, Bennett Jacob, married Mary Fall about the beginning of the war; that his second

sister, Eliza Jane, married Daniel Fall, the brother of Mary Fall, about the close of the war; that Julius Bridges married Phoebe Anne Pack for his second wife in the late seventies; and that about this time Perry Bridges, the oldest son of Julius by his first wife, married Edith, the youngest of the Pack daughters. After the Abraham Pack family established their home on Hamilton Ridge, the number of their children increased from seven to eleven. One child, Cassie, died in infancy. For these younger children, born on the bleak prairie, there was an early rural school on the Pack homestead. This was an advantage many farm children did not have.

In the early period before the railroad came through the Packs were more closely identified with the Hamilton community than were we Hoosiers farther down the ridge. This little hamlet, surveyed in 1845, had a post office, a Methodist church, a cemetery, a school and the Odd Fellows' Hall, which helped to provide a better atmosphere in which children might grow up than others experienced on the open prairie. The Pack sons, like their father, followed the colonial tradition of always going cleanly shaven in spite of the post-Civil war custom of wearing beards. They were good dressers and generally lived well. The two older sons, Bennett Jacob and John Lee, bought farms and reared their families near their father's home place.

A Brief Account of the Five Pack Sons on "Hamilton Prairie"

Bennett Jacob Pack

The oldest of the Pack sons, Bennett Jacob, was probably born near Portsmouth, Ohio, where his parents were married. He acquired a grade school education and a good use of the English language before he came to Iowa as a young man. In the early sixties he married Mary Fall. They had two daughters, Ella and Ida, before Bennett and his brother, William, joined the Union army as privates in the Third Iowa cavalry. They

took part in the Battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas; the siege of Vicksburg; and the campaign in Georgia. William was taken prisoner and died in a Confederate prison in Savannah. Bennett escaped injury and was mustered out in the fall of 1865.

After Bennett returned to his family and farm, he and Mary had a son, Elmer, and a daughter, Grace. They were a handsome teen-age pair when the author first saw them at a family party in Bussey about 1883.

Ella, the oldest child, was betrothed to the author's father's youngest brother, Thompson Sanders, who died of diabetes in 1881. His memory of her is that of a beautiful, sad, but well composed young woman when she attended his uncle's funeral service with the family mourners. She later married George Osborn and they reared a family on a farm near Lovilla.

Only one of the four children born to Bennett and Mary remained in the local community and reared her family on Hamilton Ridge. Ida married Frank Schnack who became a railroad agent. They had two children. Elmer, the only son of Bennett and Mary, left the farm as a young man and was employed in the packing industry in Ottumwa, Iowa, where he married and reared a family.

The youngest daughter, Grace, married a man named Knight who was employed for many years in the packing plants in Sioux City, Iowa. They had one daughter who may be living, but this recorder has not been able to learn her name. Bennett Jacob and Mary had in all nine grandchildren but, the author believes, none of them now lives in Iowa.

John Lee Pack

To John Lee Pack and his first wife, Anne Walters, were born a son, Frank, and a daughter, Laura. In February, 1956, in Los Angeles, California, Laura Pack Stout died at the age of ninety-five and a hundred years after her parents arrived on "Hamilton Prairie."

John Lee and his second wife, nee Worrell, were married by Squire Horace Lyman in the Lyman home.

Their daughters, Minnie Woods and Nell Richmond, made their home in Los Angeles until Minnie's death this summer. After her mother's death Nell became her father's housekeeper while he was postmaster at Hamilton and Bussey during the two Cleveland administrations. Nell resembles her Grandmother Pack, neat, petite and dressy. The only son, Frank, married Lucy, the youngest of the Horace Lyman daughters.

John Lee must have had more of the Virginia spirit than did his brothers. He favored and perhaps voted the Breckenridge ticket in the election of 1860. He was a good administrator, quick in action, courteous and alert. He died in the home of his daughters in Los Angeles about the time of World War I.

William Pack

The third of the Pack sons, William, it has already been noted died in a Confederate prison just before the close of the war. There is a Pack tradition that he was deeply interested in the young wavy haired daughter of a Hamilton hotel keeper when he joined the cavalry and rode off to save the Union.

Richard Pack

Writing from memory of more than sixty years is a somewhat hazardous venture. The author can only approximate the birth date of Richard and his younger sister, Sarah Pack Oglevie by what he recalls of the relations of Richard and his brother-in-law, Frank Oglevie, to the Dan Fall threshing crew in the early eighties. Both these men were already married and starting their families when this outfit did the author's father's threshing not later than 1883. They both furnished good teams and were engaged in the duties about the machine and the horse power.

Richard had married Belle Bufford of Nevada, Iowa, a few years before. He may have gone to Story county to work on the Northwestern railroad. Of course Belle may have been in the Hamilton community and met there the young farmer, Richard Pack. They were

married about the hardest years of the seventies. They had one son and three daughters, but the son and one of the daughters died in infancy. During the depression years of the nineties they moved to Missouri and here the daughters grew to womanhood. The last record available of them is that the daughter, Blanche, was living near Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Newton Pack

Of all the Pack sons Newton resembled his father most. He was a retiring quiet mannered man. In their younger years he was devoted to his sister, Edith. They remained on the farm with their parents until they were married. Newton then lived in the old Pack school house near the family home.

He was just entering young manhood when the Burlington railroad cut through the Pack homestead and the town of Bussey was laid out a half mile north. The little town became the headquarters of the section foreman. By the time Newton was of age he supplemented his farm labors by working on the section for a money wage of perhaps a dollar a day. Later he became section foreman.

He married Ida Godley, the step daughter of Leonard Wolf, a Civil war veteran who had married her mother and moved to Bussey about the time the Wabash was doing the grading on Cedar hill north of town. Most of the workers were Irish Catholic immigrants. Leonard Wolf was a German Protestant but he had no scruples about Catholic money.

He opened a pool hall and saloon in a long frame store building and established his family in comfortable quarters in the rear of the building as was the custom in his native land. He did not mix his family affairs with his business and was rearing a nice family when Iowa prohibition was established. His step daughter helped her mother with the Wolf children and grew to womanhood highly respected. She and Newton Pack had two sons and four daughters and eight grand-

children. So far as the author knows none of these remains on "Hamilton Prairie."

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Brief Account of the Five Pack Daughters on "Hamilton Prairie"

Mary Pack Jamison

Among the earliest settlers in Liberty township was a James A. Rousseau. Whether he was "Doc" Rousseau who later had a frame house in the beautiful grove near the present Bussey consolidated school the author is not certain. This farm was purchased by Jesse and Isabelle Bussey in 1867. On the section line north and about forty rods east was another striking farmstead consisting of a one and half story brick house and a sprawling low frame barn with stalls for a dozen or so animals as well as granaries. This farm consisted of about 240 acres and up to the early seventies most of the south quarter where the barn was located remained unfenced. It was evidently early operated as a stock farm. According to the tradition this, too, was a Rousseau farm. The author thinks it had belonged to "Doc's" brother.

It was to this farm that Alfred Jamison, a brother of Isabelle Bussey, and his wife, Mary Pack, and their two oldest children moved about 1869. It was the same year the people of Liberty township began to hope they were about to get a railroad that would connect Des Moines with St. Louis.

After the Burlington railroad came through, Jamison and Bussey engaged extensively in the feeding of cattle and hogs and were considered quite prosperous men of means. The Jamison children attended the Virginia school about a mile north of Bussey during the early eighties and were school mates of the writer. They were good students, well mannered and entered heartily into the singing exercises that were common in the rural schools.

It was a loss to the neighborhood as well as to the school when the Jamison family sold out their home-

stead and joined the great migration to Hand county, South Dakota, in 1884. In spite of the droughts and blizzards that spread over the bleak plains during the late eighties and early nineties, the Jamisons were one family that "stuck it out." The younger son who was never very strong died; the two daughters married and reared families in the Dakotas. Maide Jamison Allison is the only surviving child of Mary Pack Jamison.

The older son, William, returned to the Bussey community and married the oldest of the William Bradley daughters, a former school mate, in March, 1890. He died a few years ago at the age of about eighty-six at Osceola, Iowa, where the family had lived for many years. His wife and two daughters still survive him. With the passing of William, the older son of Mary Pack and Alfred Jamison, the Jamison name ended in both Marion county, Iowa, and Hand county, South Dakota. The parents were buried in South Dakota.

Eliza Jane Pack Fall

Eliza Jane who married Daniel Fall soon after he returned from his military service was just about the author's own mother's age. The two young girls had come to the Iowa prairie in the fall of 1856 and were close neighbors during the many years of their active lives. They may have ridden the prairie together, digging ginseng during the war, wondering whether there would be any nice boys left when the conflict was over. These girls were betrothed about the same time and each bore five children.

These young couples were neither afraid of hard work nor bluffed by a tough soil or bad season. By the early seventies they both had little prairie farms and a clean little log cabin in which to rear their families. The Falls had four sons, Minos, Mornie, Herman and Jesse and one daughter who were about the same age as the two sons and three daughters of the author's parents, the Robert Sanders.

Besides being a good farmer Daniel Fall soon became known as the best thresher on "Hamilton Prairie."

In this work he was associated with his wife's brother, Richard Pack. Although the season covered a period of only two months, the life of the threshing crew was a tough one.

The Iowa author, Herbert Quick, has graphically described this work in his early Iowa novel, "The Hawkeye." The work required the services of about twelve horses and four or five trained men besides the volunteer neighbor helpers from daylight until oftentimes long after dark. Even at the low prices of the early eighties the capital investment was two or three thousand dollars. It required good management, good health, hard work and diligence in collections to keep threshers from going broke.

The two older of Daniel's and Eliza's sons were doing a man's work with the threshing crew by the time they were seventeen. In spite of their vigorous inheritance these brothers, Minos and Mornie, were broken in health by late middle life and are long since dead. They both married but only the former left children. The younger brother, Herman, was a carpenter in Des Moines after World War I. He married a remote relative of the author. In 1950 they were living in Chicago. The Daniel Falls left seven grandchildren, none of whom, the writer believes, lives in Iowa. Mornie Fall's widow and two of his Fall cousins are still living near Bussey.

Phoebe Anne Pack Bridges

It has already been noted that Julius Bridges was teaching a private subscription school in his home west of Cedar creek about the close of the war. It was not far from the first school in Liberty township, taught by Henry Haymaker in his home on the Cedar bottom west of the lime stone quarry and the flour mill. It was here in this neighborhood that Bridge's first wife died, leaving him with two small children; and it was perhaps to this farm that he took his second bride, Phoebe Pack, when he married her about 1880.

The author cannot remember ever seeing Phoebe but

he does remember Julius about this time as an erect gentleman wearing a Prince Albert coat. Julius and Phoebe had two sons. One of them died in infancy and the other, Clarence, died in June, 1956. Phoebe's life as a young mother was a brief one. She left her son to be reared by his Pack grandparents. Clarence recalled his grandmother's devotion to him as a motherless child and his grandfather's patience with his follies and whims. He recalled Ruth Lee Pack as a pious reserved woman of the Baptist faith, deeply devoted to him and to her Bible.

Clarence attended grade school in Bussey and got some practical business training in a store there and later took a commercial course in Des Moines. He became an accountant and business administrator. He was well informed in history and literature. In Des Moines he affiliated with St. John's Episcopal church and became a vestryman. He was a Mason. Although he never married, he never lacked for friends. More a brother was he than a cousin to many of the Pack descendants of his generation. His mother is buried in the Pack family plot in the Bussey cemetery and Clarence's ashes have been placed beside her. Most of the facts here recorded about the Packs were given by Clarence from data he had collected and preserved. The author greatly appreciated the opportunity this study has given him of renewing a friendship of many years.

Sarah Lavina Pack

The fourth Pack daughter, Sarah Lavina, was married to Henry Franklin Oglevie by the Reverend Runyon in the Methodist church at Hamilton, January 7, 1875. They lived on a farm in the Pack neighborhood for about twelve years and then moved to Mills county. Three sons and five daughters were born to them; four of them are still living, one in San Diego and others in Chicago and Two Harbors, Minnesota. During their farming years on the prairie Henry and his fine team

of horses were a part of the Fall threshing outfit that served the community year after year.

After the Oglevies retired from the farm in Mills county, they lived in Emerson, Iowa. In 1925 they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in the home of their daughter at Malvern, Iowa. Their descendants at that time numbered twelve grandchildren and eighteen great-grandchildren. Their daughter, Inez Hicks, and her Aunt Belle, the widow of Richard Pack, visited the town of Bussey in 1927. This is the only record that any member of the Oglevie or "Dick" Pack families ever returned to "Hamilton Prairie" after they left with the migrant generation about the middle of the eighties.

Edith May Pack Bridges

The youngest of the Pack daughters, Edith May, was born in 1862 and is still living. As the author remembers her she was a handsome well poised woman when she and her brother, Newton, used to attend church services in Bussey about 1882. She married Perry Bridges, the oldest son of her brother-in-law, Julius, who was as already recorded the husband of her sister Phoebe.

About the time of Phoebe's death Edith and Perry moved to California and there they reared their family of one son and two daughters. Edith, the last of the Pack children, is now ninety-five years old. She lives at Santa Rosa, California, with a son. According to her nephew, Clarence Bridges, Edith was the treasure house of the Pack family tradition. She has four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. In a recent visit with her the writer found her physically active and mentally alert and still maintaining an active interest in her home, friends and church.

It is interesting to note that the span of the lives of Abraham Pack and his youngest daughter, Edith, covered a period of one hundred and forty-six years this February 14, 1958.

From the story here recorded the reader has doubt-

less observed that the Packs were a somewhat reserved but friendly family, and that they were more interested in decency and human comforts than in growing rich.

Abraham and Ruth Lee Pack had nine children who married and had families; 41 grandchildren and more than sixty great-grandchildren. Notwithstanding this record the Pack name seems to have disappeared in Iowa.

The Horace Lyman Family

In the Prologue to the settlement of "Hamilton Prairie" we noted that Horace Lyman was one of the venturesome pioneers who staked off his farm on Cedar bottom, May 1, 1843. It was on this farm that eight of his eleven children were born and their mother died about the beginning of the Civil war.

Since the Lymans remained colorful figures in this community for more than a half century, it may be of interest to know something of the family background.

The Lyman Family in America—1631-1958

Richard Lyman (1) b. 1579, d. 1641 was the patriarch of all the Lymans of English descent in America. He was born in High Ongar, England, near London; sailed with his wife and all their children in the good ship, Leon, and after ten weeks at sea landed at Boston, November 4, 1631. They were probably members of the Endicott colony which established the Charleston settlement. They were communicants under the pastorate of John Eliot, apostle to the Indians.

Richard Lyman (2) b. 1617, d. 1662, the son of Richard (1) through whom the Iowa Lymans trace their geneology, was married to Hepzibah Ford, b. 1625. The Lymans must not have been quite satisfied with the bigotry of Massachusetts, for by the time Richard (2) reached manhood they joined a company of immigrants that had settled in New Haven, Connecticut, and

adopted the first written constitution in history (1639), the liberal features of which were copied by the United States government and several states of the Union.

John Lyman (3) b. circa 1655, d. 1727, married Abigail Holton. He probably derived his name from the Ford family as it does not appear again among the Lymans until the seventh generation. Their descendants who carry on the family lineage were Abner (4), Abner (5) and Abner (6) who cover a span of almost a hundred years between John (3) and Horace (7), our pioneer hero.

The Three Abners (4), (5) and (6) Abner (4) b. 1701, d. 1774, married Sarah Miller; their son, Abner (5) b. 1746, d. 1807, married a woman whose Christian name was Lydia; and their son, Abner (6) b. 1782, d. 1824, married Tabitha Brown and their son, Horace (7) was the first Lyman to migrate to our Iowa prairie.

Some time before 1820 Abner (6) with his wife and their five children migrated from Ontario county, New York, down the Ohio river to Louisville, Kentucky. Here their three younger children were born. When Horace (7) was eleven years old, his father, aged forty, died leaving Tabitha with a family of eight children. The oldest was only fourteen.

It was out of this background that our three Iowa Lyman sons developed. Their mother was a devout Christian. All their lives it was hard for her sons to reconcile the tragic widowhood thrust upon their mother with a religious faith.

Horace Lyman (7) b. 1813, d. 1897 and his wife, Lucy Clemons, b. 1819, d. 1858 were one of the first couples to settle along Cedar creek in southern Iowa in 1843. Horace was born in Naples, Ontario county, New York and Lucy, in Licking county, Ohio. They were married in Alexandria, Ohio, in 1837, and came to Iowa two years later. During the twenty-four years of her married life, Lucy bore six sons and four daughters, all of whom lived to full manhood and womanhood. Horace's was the seventh Lyman generation in America

and his children the first of the Lyman family born in Iowa.

Why this young couple decided to migrate to the Iowa frontier in 1839 is not certain. In a society such as existed in a new republic about this time, the chief motives were to possess a home, to live decently and to acquire a compentency. The history of the Lyman and Clemons families in rural Iowa suggests that Horace and Lucy early cherished these hopes.

Van Buren county on the Missouri border was the farthest outpost of civil government in the territory of Iowa at that time and it was widely known among literate people of the East that the rich lands of the Second Sac and Fox Purchase were soon to be opened to settlers. The new territory promised to be a free state when it was admitted to the Union and this in itself must have made a strong appeal to people with a New England background.

The old government highway from Wheeling, West Virginia, to the Mississippi was a winding trail with many hills to climb, streams to ford and rivers to ferry when Horace and Lucy with their first child set out for the West.

Had there been a direct route from Alexandria, Ohio, to Keosauqua, Iowa, the distance would have been some seven hundred miles. But there was no direct route. To prod an ox team or to wangle a team of horses with a jerk line over this route with a family in a covered wagon was a challenging undertaking.

For Horace and Lucy and their baby it seems to have ended at the little hamlet of Portland near Keosauqua. One might think from the Prologue of this story that Horace had his heart set on Section 22 on Cedar creek but it is possible he had no intention of going farther than Van Buren county where several Ohio families had stopped off to get their bearings. Just what their activities were there for the first two years we do not know, but that he was bent on seeking a home where there was good soil, heavy timber and flowing streams

for water power seems evident from the place he chose in 1843 on the brakes of the Cedar.

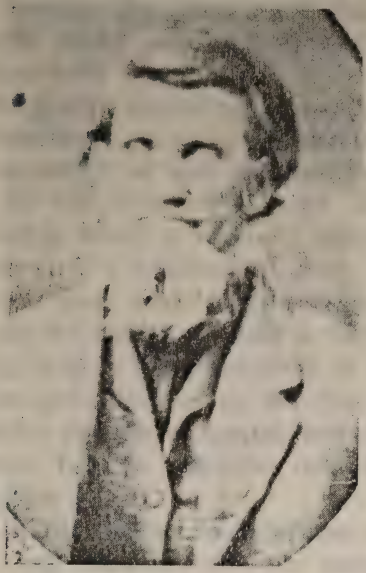
The first Horace Lyman farm was the northwest quarter of Section 22, mostly on the second bottom of the South Cedar. Indeed this creek cut through the corner of the northwest forty. A few years later it became the site of the Lyman saw mill. The southeast corner of the quarter was on the margin of a low hill that led up the brakes to Hamilton prairie. It was on this hill with its beautiful view looking out over the tops of the trees to the northwest that Horace and Lucy built their log house and where they lived for almost twenty years.

The Lyman homestead was a lonely place when Horace and Lucy unhitched their team and unloaded their wagon on the fringe of the forest in the late summer of 1843. A new epoch was about to begin. Before the next spring Horace had cleared a patch of ground near the cabin where he is said to have grown the first wheat in the county in 1844.

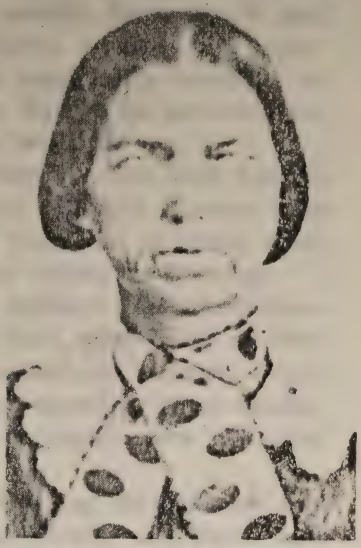
The nearest market or shipping place was down the Des Moines river about seventy-five miles, from whence the Lymans had migrated. Within a few years Horace trucked in the mechanical equipment for the first saw mill to be motivated by water power in the county. It played an important role in the economy of the new community for a period of about ten years but floated down the Cedar in the great floods of the late fifties.

Located about two miles up the creek were the Lyman's nearest neighbors, the Martin Neals. Down stream about four miles near the Clay township line was the Matthew Ruple cabin where the first white child was born in Marion county, the same year the Lymans arrived, 1843. The Douds and Haymakers, as already noted in the Doud history, were establishing themselves about two miles below the Lyman homestead. James Rousseau, another pioneer, must have been building his cabin in the beautiful elm grove where the Bussey consolidated school house now stands,

about this time, for when Iowa was admitted to statehood in 1846, it was there in his home that he became the first postmaster in Liberty township.



Horace Lyman



Lucy (Clemons) Lyman

Lucy Clemons Lyman died in 1858 at the age of thirty-nine and about the same time they lost their oldest daughter, Lovice Dorcas, about twenty years of age. Horace buried them in the cemetery on the hill overlooking Marysville. The father was left with six sons and three small daughters. It is not surprising that he married again within two years. Ruth Lucas was a spritely, mature woman, quite familiar with pioneer life. Horace, about fifteen years her senior, was already a country squire in the community. They had one son, Albert.

In 1862 Horace decided to leave his farm on the Cedar and take over a large stock farm in Jefferson township, Mahaska county. He was only a few months engaged in this enterprise when his three sons, Henry, Munson and Abner, volunteered as privates in the Thirty-sixth Iowa Infantry. All three were war casual-

ties. Had Horace not lost his sons in the war, his ranch enterprise might have been more profitable. His oldest son was already married and in a home of his own, and his younger son Arza only a school boy.

During the taming of this rugged section of land with teams and man power several farm hands and household servants had to be hired, housed, fed, supervised and disciplined. As the community traveled on horse back, mounts and saddles had to be provided for the family as well as the farm workers.

At the entrance to the driveway into the Lyman section lived a recently arrived Virginia farmer who operated a blacksmith shop. This was a great asset for a farm such as Horace was trying to develop.

In the course of time a new orchard came into bearing, within the protection of which were hives of bees that provided honey for the household. Meats, vegetables and cereal grains were produced in great abundance; but no alcoholic drinks or cards were tolerated on the place.

In the dining room of the rambling farm house was a long table set for the entire family and farm and household workers. Everyone was free to help himself to the food. The meal was orderly but not formal. It was a good place for a self respecting young farm hand to learn man's ways and several of them stayed on for years with reverent devotion to their master. The wages were low but the lodging was comfortable and the board was good.

It was in this wholesome atmosphere with plenty of outdoor work that the younger children of Horace Lyman grew up with a respectful reserve and dignity that characterized the Iowa Lymans as a whole.

First Lyman Generation in Marion and Mahaska Counties, Iowa

Horace Lyman married Lucy Clemons in 1837

Lovice Dorcas	Bucy
John Clark	Arza
Henry	Martha

Munson Mary
Abner Lucy
Horace Lyman married Ruth Lucas in 1860
Albert

Lovice Dorcas Lyman was born at Alexandria, Ohio, in her Grandparent Clemons' home, in 1838, and died of appendicitis in the pioneer home on Section 22, shortly before her mother's death.

John Clark Lyman was born in Van Buren county, Iowa, as was his brother, Henry. All the other children were born in the home on the Cedar. John married Elizabeth Haymaker in 1861. She was the daughter of John Haymaker, a Pennsylvania German, who owned and operated the first flour mill in Marion county, two miles down the Cedar from the Lyman homestead.

When the first Union Pacific train left Council Bluffs for San Francisco Elizabeth's parents were among the passengers, for they were moving to California. During Elizabeth's last illness with tuberculosis a great homesickness for her parents impelled John to take his wife to see them on the west coast. Their hope was that the climate might improve her health. She died soon after their return home.

John and Elizabeth had three sons, Horace, Isaac Munson and Elmer. These three brothers were the first prairie boys to desert the soil and become railroad employees. In this work they held positions of responsibility in California, Illinois and Canada. Horace was the champion speller in the rural schools of Cedar and Hamilton settlements about 1880. He spent most of his married life in San Francisco. He had no children.

John Clark's second son, Isaac Munson, married and soon left Iowa, going to the Dakotas. They spent their later years in British Columbia where Munson died in 1946. They had only one child, a daughter, Grace. At the age of sixteen she became a telegraph operator and she has spent most of her life in this work in Bismark. She married Carl Lien in 1906. He was a telegrapher in a town nearby. Their daughter, Margaret Hofer,

lives in Chicago; one son, Harry Carl, lives in Canada; and another son, George Munson, in Washington. Grace's husband died about the beginning of World War II. She has continued to make her home in Bismark where for many years she has represented the State D.A.R. in the national meetings in Washington, D.C.

Elmer, the third son of John and Elizabeth, married Lou Bradley of Bussey. They lived for many years in Monmouth, Illinois, where Elmer was division agent of the Burlington railroad. After his death his widow moved to California where their sons were already located. The author and his wife visit her frequently in her Pasadena home. Frank, the eldest of their three children, was deputy sheriff in Los Angeles county. He died a few years ago. The younger son, Dr. Edward Lyman, is a well known dental surgeon in Pasadena. He has one daughter, a graduate nurse, who is married to a doctor. They have two children. Elmer's and Lou's daughter, Nellie, married Harry M. Seubert. They live in Toledo, Ohio, and have three children and six grandchildren. These eight grandchildren are the twelfth Lyman generation in America.

By his second marriage John Clark had one son, Emmet, who never married and died recently in Oskaloosa. In 1878 John married Nancy Philips and soon after the birth of their only child, Herman Gilbert, they moved to Colorado where they homsteaded near Sterling. The son became a railroad man but died in early middle life of scarlet fever and pneumonia. After his death his widow and two children moved to California.

Henry, Munson and Abner Lyman died in the fight to preserve the Union. The cause of the North looked gloomy, indeed, when the three Lyman sons volunteered as privates. Within a year Henry was paroled because of illness but he died the day after he reached his home. He was buried at Marysville beside his mother and sister. Munson and Abner were engaged in the terrific battle of Mark's hill where Munson was killed in action

and Abner taken prisoner. He was sent to a Confederate prison in Tyler, Texas, where he died of starvation in October, 1864. He is buried in the National Cemetery at Alexandria, Louisiana.

Bucy Lyman, called "Buck" by the Horace Lyman ox drivers, believed there was little future in Iowa farming during the long depression period after the Civil War. He went to Leadville, Colorado, during the gold rush where he died in 1881. He never married.

Arza Lyman married Mary McGruder in 1873. She was the daughter of a pioneer neighbor of the Lymans on the Cedar. With the farm economy much depressed in Iowa from the middle of the seventies till the middle of the nineties and the good land all gone and with no heritage but a large family, it is not surprising that the Arza Lymans fared rather ill. They moved to the short grass plains of Colorado early in the century where a ranchman without capital or cattle fared even worse.

True to the Lyman tradition they never lost their self esteem and their children and grandchildren grew up to be trustworthy citizens. Seven of their nine children married and they had eighteen children, several of whom are still living in eastern Colorado when this record was completed.

The writer, passing through their settlement about twenty-eight years ago visited Arza in his home the morning his wife died at the age of seventy-seven. He noted how very much Arza in his bereavement resembled his father, Horace, when he knew him about 1890 as a broken and crippled, but still heroic, old man.

Martha Lyman Johnson, the second daughter and eighth child in the Horace Lyman family, married Asa Johnson who came to Liberty township with his parents soon after the Civil war. They made a thrifty, hard working couple and acquired a considerable fortune. The basis of their prosperity, as Asa averred in his later years, was "field corn raising and hog feed-

ing." Martha and her husband reared two sons and two daughters.

Their older son, Charles, tired of the long hours of farm work, and like his cousins, the John Lyman sons, became a telegraph operator and railroad agent on the Santa Fe in Kansas. He had two daughters. Lucille, who died in 1944 soon after her father, leaving one child; and Gayle, who lives near New York City and has three sons.

Joe H. Johnson, Martha's second son, received his A.B. degree from Central college in Pella, Iowa, and his law degree from the University of Chicago. He first associated himself with a firm of railroad lawyers in Des Moines and later established a private practice in Knoxville, Iowa. He has four sons. Lowell, the oldest, followed his Grandfather Asa's interest and is an extensive farmer and stockman. He has three sons and three daughters. Carroll is now associated with his father in law practice. Both the father and the son have represented their county and district in the Iowa legislature. Carrol has two sons and one daughter. Joe's other sons, Craig and Milton, have three children.

Mary and Cora, the daughters of Martha and Asa Johnson, married the brothers, Carl and Luther Bruere. They established their homes west of Cedar creek, on Section 3 and 4, and are the only members of the Lyman family line who still live in Liberty township. The two families had three sons and four daughters and eight grandchildren.

Mary Lyman Clemons, like her sisters and brothers, attended the Brock school near the Lyman homestead. About the close of the war her mother's cousin, William Clemons, and his family moved from Ohio to Jefferson township and settled on a good farm about a mile west of the Lyman's. Their two sons and daughter also attended the Brock School with their Lyman kinfolk. Emmet Clemons and Mary Lyman fell in love and were married.

About 1880 they left the Mahaska county farm and

moved to one in Buena Vista county in northwest Iowa. After a few years they left the farm and Emmet entered the mercantile business in the thriving town of Alta. Here Mary was active in church and literary circles. They had two daughters, Grace and Mabel, who finished high school in Alta and attended Drake University in Des Moines.

Grace was for many years the librarian in the Alta library and since her retirement continues her cultural activities in the community. She has interested herself in her family geneology and the author is indebted to her for much of the material he has used in this history.

Mabel married the Rev. Frank Van Voorhis, whom she met as a divinity student at Drake. Their daughter, Frances, teaches in the University of Oregon at Eugene and their son, Reginald, is a business man in Storm Lake. He has three sons, Clemons J., a business man in Minneapolis; Mark L., a teacher; and Lee W., medical student at the University of Iowa. Mabel's husband, besides his activities as a Christian minister made noteworthy study of the archaeology of the Little Sioux. Before his death he presented his collection of artcrafts to the Storm Lake High school where it remains as a permanent exhibit.

Lucy Lyman Pack, the youngest of Horace's first family, was ten years old when they moved to Jefferson township. After finishing the grades at the Brock school, she taught several terms in the home school. She was the author's first teacher. Later she took some work at Oskaloosa College. He remembers her as having a beautiful, well modulated voice that follows the Lyman tradition. She wrote verses and set them to her own tunes.

She taught in country schools, living in her father's home, until she was about thirty, when she married Frank Pack, as already noted in a preceding section of this story. They moved to eastern Colorado about the time her brother, Arza, did and experienced all the hardships of the stricken buffalo grass plains. By a

strange coincidence both Lucy and her husband had amputations for diabetic gangrene. She died in 1928 and he several years later. They had one son, Walter. He married Rita Mock and they had three children. After her death in 1924 he married the widow of his cousin, Harry Lyman, and some of their children are still living in Colorado. Like his parents Walter has been diabetic for years and has undergone an amputation of his left leg. Recently the author visited him in his Haxton, Colorado home and found him mentally alert at 72 and keenly interested in the Pack and Lyman pioneer history.

Albert Lyman, the only child of Horace and Ruth Lucas, married Ettie Hankins, a daughter of a neighbor living in Hamilton. They had a son, Ralph, and a daughter, Mabel. They lived on the home place east of Bussey until Albert passed away at about fifty. His wife and children then moved to Des Moines. Albert's mother, Ruth Lucas, made her home with them until her death.

In the spring of 1890 a serious affliction overtook Horace Lyman when he developed gangrene of his right foot. The disease was caused by hardening of the arteries. An amputation was considered necessary. Four Marion county doctors and two medical students, the author was one of them, met at the big farm house for the operation which was performed on a long kitchen table. The senior and master surgeon was Dr. A. D. Wetherell from Knoxville. The amputation was done through the thigh, the method of procedure which came down from Civil war surgeons who dealt with gunshot wounds, and so called "hospital gangrene" where "time seems to have been the essence." The operation required perhaps a half hour and was a spectacular demonstration of skill to the young country medical students, just entering upon their studies. It now seems that the danger period was already passed and the leg could have been saved, had the operation been deferred ten days.

John Lyman, Horace's youngest brother, came to the prairie town of Hamilton in 1852, soon after his trip to the California gold fields. He married the daughter of a pioneer Munsell family and for a time trucked freight out of Burlington. After Horace moved to the prairie stock farm, John moved onto the original Cedar bottom farm.

Two years after John's arrival, another brother, Arza, and his family came from Ohio and established themselves about a mile down the Cedar. The two brothers had six children and they grew up, closely bound to the Horace Lyman family.

In January, 1955, Tabitha Lyman McComb, John's daughter who had lived many years in Rockwell City, Iowa, died. She was ninety-four years old and was the last of her family and of her generation of the Lyman cousins.

The three Lyman brothers were Free Masons. They did not adhere to the church but when the young people grew up, they identified themselves with the only church in the community, which was the Methodist. Horace, Arza and John were all well educated for their day; they were consistently Republican in their political faith, and notably free from bigotry.

When Horace passed away at the age of eighty-four in 1897, he left three sons and three daughters and twenty-three grandchildren. Of the Lyman family we have traced by name about one hundred and fifty of his descendants. His granddaughter, Mabel, and grandson, Ralph, in Des Moines are the only descendants of Horace in Iowa that bear the Lyman name.

From what the author can recall of Horace Lyman, he believes that in spite of his hard work and ceaseless activities, he was often a rather lonely man. This may have been because he lost his own father when he was a child, the companionship of his wife, and of four of his older children when he needed them most.

Out of the experiences of life he may have become something of a stoic and a fatalist. After his amputation when they were carrying him out to the yard be-

cause his buildings were burning, he remarked dryly, when he saw scorched and smoking rats scurrying to safety, "It is an ill wind that blows no good."

Supplement to the Horace Lyman Story

For about twenty years after the Lymans moved onto the big farm, there lived in the home an orphan boy, named Sam Horn. In due time he became Horace's right hand man, a sort of foreman for the place. In addition to his keep, he was, presumably, to receive wages. About the middle of the seventies when the farm depression was at its worst, Horace deeded to him the northwest 80 of his section, perhaps in settlement of this debt.

It was through this land that the farmstead had access to the highway but no easement right was reserved. As long as Sam Horn lived, the man to man relationship of good neighbors prevailed. But when the land passed into more arbitrary hands, the value of the Lyman farm was lessened by being cut off from the highway.

This blot to the title of his land, combined with the crippling physical handicap of his later years and the farm depression of the nineties left Horace with only a modest estate as a reward for fifty years of labor on the Iowa prairie.

The John Wharton Family

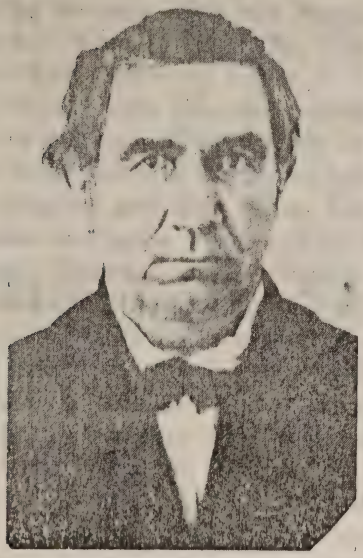
The Whartons in America

The Wharton family first appears in Colonial history when Thomas Wharton of Westmoreland, England, settled in Philadelphia in 1683. He was a merchant, trader and shipper of substantial means and at one time was about to engage in a business venture with Benjamin Franklin. He was probably related to, if not the same person, whom the Iowa Whartons identify as the Liverpool merchant who was the grandfather of their ancestor, Robert Wharton, who was in the

Frontier Rangers of southwestern Pennsylvania in 1778-1783.

The Wharton name was common in Pennsylvania and Virginia in pre-Revolutionary years. Indeed the maternal grandfather of the author's great-grandfather, Robert Sanders was a Thomas Wharton. He seems to have lived in Culpepper county, Virginia, about 1740 when the Whartons and the Sanders first began to intermarry. Almost a hundred years later two sons, William and James, of the author's Great-grandfather Sanders were marrying Wharton cousins in Delaware county, Indiana. It was from this stock that the pioneer Whartons and Sanders came to "Hamilton Prairie" in 1856.

The author who is one of the 1,265 descendants of the Revolutionary Robert Wharton was born on Hamilton Prairie in 1870 and has kept a rather close contact with that community ever since. Most of the pioneer families that settled on Cedar creek in Marion county and on Hamilton ridge in Mahaska county were still living there when he was a small boy. He remembers



John Wharton

Mary Ann Wharton

well his two great-grandparents, John and Mary Anne Wharton. During the first five grades most of his school mates were Whartons but now in Liberty and Jefferson townships there is no one bearing that name; nor indeed is there any of our Sanders family in Iowa.

1796—The Whartons of "Hamilton Prairie"—1956

John Wharton, 1796-1878, married Mary Ann Smith, 1797-1878

Robert, 1818-1915
William, 1820-1915
Catherine, 1822-1890
Nancy, 1824-1904
Washington, 1826-1899
Amarilla, 1828-1848
Andrew, 1830-1910
Matthew, 1833-1895
Cyrus, 1835-1862
James, 1836-1928
Hester, 1836-1917

The Wharton Iowa ancestors, John and Mary Ann, with their ten children were early settlers in Mahaska county, Iowa. The parents lived to the venerable age of eighty-two and died the same year, 1878, and are buried in Zion cemetery in Marion county.

Since the first generation of the Whartons were all farm folks, when the new state of Ohio offered land at a dollar an acre, it is not surprising these cheap lands attracted them to cross the Ohio and seek new homes. Their first westward move in 1818 carried them from the Pennsylvania line to Guernsey and Morgan counties Ohio, a distance of only forty or fifty miles. Their next move from there to Delaware county, Indiana, was about two hundred and fifty miles; but the leap from Indiana to Iowa was some five hundred and fifty miles.

John Wharton, aged twenty-two, accompanied his neighbors, William and Katherine Smith, to Morgan county, Ohio, in 1818, and there it was that he married their daughter, Mary Ann. This marriage begins the "Hamilton Prairie", Iowa, generation of the Wharton family. Their first nine children were born in Ohio; their last two, in Indiana. Armilla, aged twenty, died before the family left Indiana. These ten children the author will follow with some detail in the account of this early pioneer Iowa family.

This mass migration of the John Wharton family to Iowa began in 1854 and continued until 1859 when the last of the clan joined their relatives on the Iowa frontier. These movements from place to place strongly suggest that the Whartons were a closely knit family. This trait persisted in the family, it may be noted, when a large segment went to Kansas in the early seventies and the main residue to the Dakotas in 1884.

Someone has said that the images of memory are as arbitrary and intangible as are those of the imagination. This was forcibly impressed upon the author a few years ago as he and his wife were driving on the old Muncie, Indiana, turnpike on a beautiful September day. He was approaching his eighties. It was the Indian summer season after the first frost. The alfalfa and winter wheat fields were still green but the corn had turned to a silvery gray and the oaks and maples to russet and yellow.

As they came over a ridge they could see the margin of a narrow woods dazzling in the autumn sun. It followed the Mississinewa river. At a cross road they learned they were on the section line of Great-grandfather Sanders' Indiana homestead. The author recalled that it was in this river his father, Robert, and his brother, John, sons of Catherine Wharton Sanders, as boys had learned to swim and had gone fishing. It was in these swamps that his father, as he reached young manhood, "shook with fever and ague from year to year and nearly died of the pestilence." In this community his mother, Margaret Jane Rogers, lived as a girl but no records or letters tell us the two families were acquainted there. They were married after the Rogers and Sanders families moved to Mahaska county, Iowa.

On this September day the author also visited the little cemetery which his Great-grandfather Sanders had plotted on his land about the time the Whartons arrived from Ohio. Their daughter, Amarilla, is probably buried there near the graves of the great-grand-

parents and Uncle John Sanders who died from a Confederate bullet wound in that gloomy year, 1863. He stopped at the old town of Wheeling near which his Wharton and Sanders forbears lived from about 1836 till 1856 and learned that only one man in the surrounding community bore the Sanders name. A hundred years before it had been as common there as the Wharton name became on the Iowa prairie fifty years later. Memories may be intangible but the course of history is very real.

One may well inquire what made this sturdy stock of Pennsylvania and Virginia move west after the Revolution. The simplest answer may be that their large families soon outgrew their acres and they followed the lure of cheap land. When they settled on Section 7, Jefferson township, Iowa, in the middle fifties, there was not an acre broken on Sections 7, 8, 9, 17 and 18. About the time of the Dakota migration the twenty or so sections of "Hamilton Prairie" had a population of about five hundred and the Whartons numbered about ninety. This was far more than could continue to subsist there. It was quite natural to believe that better opportunities would soon be unfolding on the high plains of Kansas and Dakota.

John and Mary Wharton were sixty years old when they moved to the raw prairie near Zion church on the line between Marion and Mahaska counties. The Mahaska side of the ridge was settled and brought into cultivation ten or twelve years later than the Marion side. The first homesteads were selected because of their choice prairie sods that could be brought into production quicker than the timber lands. The later settlers came chiefly from Indiana where for a generation or so they had learned what it meant to make homes in the forest; while the earlier settlers along the Cedar came from Ohio or Pennsylvania direct and selected their farms with respect to available heavy timber, limestone and water power, oriented toward industry. During the first twenty-five years of pioneering these

early settlers did not know the real wealth of that region was under the soil in the coal and not on its surface.

The first Mahaska county Wharton parents were surrounded by all their nine surviving children when they died in 1878 and were buried in the Zion cemetery. One daughter, Amarilla, died before they left Indiana; and one son, Cyrus B., died in the Civil war at Corinth, Mississippi. A few years ago at the Wharton Memorial Day family reunion after the picnic dinner in the Methodist church in Bussey, the group gathered about the graves of their pioneer forebears and stood in reverent memory of them. This reunion has now become a rather regular annual occasion. The first one was largely sponsored by Mrs. Joseph Hall, Clay Center, Kansas, nee Edith McIntosh of the Robert Wharton II line.

Trained as they were in pioneer living the Wharton ancestors had a wholesome respect for hard work and practical thrift. They were people, necessarily self-taught. None had more than a few months of winter schooling in their youth. But what they read they read well. They discussed current topics with their neighbors and in the quiet of the prairie and the fastness of the forest, they had plenty of time for meditation. They had to make their own decisions and did not shirk their duty.

John and Mary Ann Wharton, as shown by their photographs, taken in late middle life, were rather strong characters. As the author recalls his great-grandmother in her late seventies, she was a blond, freckle-faced, gray-haired and stooped-shouldered, lace-capped old lady with a sing-song voice. His great-grandfather was smoothly shaven, had regular features and heavy eyebrows and was quite erect for his years. He walked briskly with a cane which he often tapped on the floor, accompanied by a "tut, tut" to quiet the noisy grandchildren. The Whartons were predominantly Methodist in their church affiliation but none of the children

who later adherred to this faith were of the noisy shouting variety.

The first Iowa Wharton generation lived through the most tragic period of American history, that of the Rebellion. Possibly it was because they lived in the extreme southwest corner of Mahaska county in the sparsely populated township of Jefferson that the Whartons did not make a greater sacrifice of their sons in the Civil war. Cyrus, the sixth son, enlisted at the Brock postoffice on his brother, Robert's, farm in 1861 and died in the service. Catherine and James Sanders' oldest son, John, returned home to die of his wounds.

Children of John and Mary Ann Smith Wharton

Robert Wharton

Robert's first wife, Nancy Starbuck, died in 1856, leaving him with six children. He later married Mary Jane Ashing and to them were born four children. Robert was thirty-five when he moved to his farm on Section 7, Jefferson township, Mahaska county, Iowa. He lived there sixty-two years as one of "Hamilton Prairie's" most worthy citizens. For years he served as justice of the peace and for forty-two consecutive years he was on the school board. His politics were Democratic, his religion Free-Masonry and good neighborliness.

About the close of the Civil war Robert moved from his first log cabin into a frame house. The homestead with its orchard, white house and red farm buildings was one of the best in the neighborhood. He had one of the first windmill pumps and wagon platform scales on the prairie. His ten children attended the Brock school on the southeast corner of his farm. His first wife and their year old son were buried on his farm in 1856 before there was any cemetery in the community. Robert and Mary Jane are buried in the Bussey cemetery.

Robert's six sons became farmers and his four daughters married farm boys from the surrounding commun-

ity. In 1870 his two oldest sons and two daughters by his first marriage left for the cheap lands in northeastern Kansas. By the time his grandchildren were grown up in Kansas and Iowa the agricultural opportunities seemed about exhausted and they turned to business, teaching and an occasional one to the professions. A great-granddaughter of Robert, Edith McIntosh Hall of Clay Center, Kansas, has traced the Wharton lineage to 1956, and it is from her work that the author has obtained much of the information noted in this study. Her family tree contains 1,258 entries.

By his second marriage Robert had two sons, Isaac Wilsey and LeRoy Parker, and two daughters, Tabitha Anne and Eliza Alice. Isaac Wilsey left no heirs; his widow died in Bussey in 1955. LeRoy and his wife, Jennie Glenn, remained on the Robert Wharton farm until the father's death in 1915. They then moved to their own farm near Sturgeon, Missouri. Their oldest son, Robert Glenn, is in the wholesale confectionery business; their second son, Dwight Jackson, is a surgeon in the United States Navy and was at Pearl Harbor on that eventful December 7, 1941. He was not injured and his ship escaped damage. He has a son-in-law who is a physician, and LeRoy's third son, James Harold, who is a realtor in Lexington, Kentucky, has a son who is a physician. It may be noted that none of LeRoy's children or grandchildren are farmers.

Tabitha Wharton married Martin B. Curtis in 1882. His mother was a Sanders. He died in about a year and their only son died at the age of five. After eight years of widowhood Tabitha married William A. Spaur and to them were born three children. Mary Alice died in 1933; Odessa is married and lives in Newton, Iowa; and Robert Ward lives in Bussey. He was president of the Wharton Family Reunion in 1955.

Tabitha was the last survivor of the Robert Wharton family. She died in Bussey in 1935. Her whole life of nearly eighty-four years was spent within three miles of her birthplace. For fifty years she was the encyclo-

paedic source of historical information for Jefferson and Liberty townships.

Eliza Alice Wharton married Ebenezer Anspach in 1884. She died in 1891, leaving a son, Timothy, and a daughter, Effie. Both of these live in Albany, New York, where Timothy operates a riding stable. He had one son. Effie died a few years ago and left two married daughters.

William Smith Wharton

William and his oldest brother, Robert, were closely associated throughout their long lives. Robert lived to the age of ninety-seven and William to ninety-five. They died the same year, 1915. They were neighbor farmers in Indiana and during the California gold rush in 1850 they made the long overland journey together, returning by ship by way of Central America, Panama, Cuba, and New Orleans; then by boat up the Mississippi and the Ohio to Wheeling, Indiana; thence home to La Port county by stage coach. In 1854 they made the trek together with their families in the move to their pioneer homesteads in Iowa. Both William and Robert lost their first wife in the same year, 1856.

William's first wife was Maria Louisa Mann; his second wife was Jane Brundage. Only two of his four children grew to maturity. His daughter, Amanda Jane, married John Melone, a Civil war veteran who was a construction contractor and builder during the coal boom in Mahaska county in the last quarter of the century. They had five sons and two daughters. Most of these married around Oskaloosa. The sons generally followed their father's business. Two of them moved to California about the end of World War I. William's other daughter, Maria Louisa, married Alanson B. Thomas, a farmer and photographer near Hamilton. They moved to western Kansas where they experienced all the hardships on the high plains in the early eighties and nineties. Only one of their seven children survived; two died when very young and four in infancy. Fred Lorain returned to Iowa and since 1925 has been

in the postal service in Des Moines. He has five children.

From early manhood William was a professed Christian in the Methodist church. He was active in his religious life and often attempted to lead the congregational singing with his tuning fork. But like most of his kinfolk he had no voice to sustain the tune. He was the most studious of the Wharton family. When the author was a youth, his Uncle William loaned him "Plutarch's Lives," and some good books on English history. William died in his daughter's home in Des Moines, attended by his grandnephew, Dr. W. E. Sanders, the writer of these lines.

Catherine Anne Wharton

Catherine Anne, the eldest daughter and third child of John and Mary Anne Wharton, and James Sanders were married in her parent's home in Delaware county, Indiana, in 1841. The year of the great Iowa migration, in 1856, saw them settling with their five children on Hamilton Prairie. They bought a poor eighty on the Liberty township side, a mile north of Bussey. During the war years they returned to Indiana where they had left James' aged father. They cared for him until after his death at the age of about ninety. After the war was over they returned to Iowa and established themselves again in the Wharton settlement. A ritual the writer vividly recalls of his Grandmother Catherine Sanders is before going to bed she would go into the kitchen, fill her clay pipe with tobacco, light it with a coal from the hearth and sit peacefully there smoking and thinking.

It was while they were in Indiana that Catherine and James lost their oldest son. He suffered a fatal bullet wound in his first engagement at the Battle of Lexington, Kentucky, and died several months later in his parents' home near Wheeling where he lies buried near his great-grandparents. The author's father, recounting to him the pathos and tragedy of this period, twenty years later was so overcome that he could hardly

give the details of the loss of his twenty year old brother.

That war, loyalties, death, sickness and sorrow were the common experience and the subject of conversation during that awful year, 1863, is evident from a letter written by Catherine to her younger sister in Iowa. Of her soldier son she wrote, "He died as he slept. We could hardly tell he was gone. Poor boy, he fought and lost his life for his country. When his funeral was preached, the people made up money to get his tombstone. It cost seventy-five dollars, they said. They did it for the respect they had for John and for his bravery he had in fighting and lost his life for his country." This is the twenty year old lad beside whose grave the author and his wife stood that September day when they visited the old cemetery in Indiana a few years ago.

More tragedy came to the Catherine Anne and James Sanders family in Iowa. They lost a son with diabetes at the age of twenty-five and two daughters died at the ages of thirty-one and forty-one. Their daughter, Nancy, married Benjamin Richards in 1870 and in 1885 moved to northwestern Kansas where they reared a large family, for many years in the midst of poverty and hardship.

The writer's father, Robert S. Sanders, and his mother, Margaret Jane Rogers, were born in the same region in eastern Indiana, migrated to Iowa the same year, 1856, but met for the first time on "Hamilton Prairie" where they were married February 20, 1868, and reared a family of one son and three daughters. One son died in infancy. The two Sanders still living are both in their eighties. A sister, Ella Clemons, died in her Storm Lake, Iowa, home March 30, 1958. She was eighty-nine years old.

His sister, Clara, and her husband, James Sims, died in the early thirties. They had two sons and one daughter, all of whom had some college training. Emory was for many years a construction engineer in the Bureau of Reclamation. Ella's sons and grandsons are scientists, doctors, and businessmen. Dale for many

years has been a research scientist in Western Electric in Chicago.

A third sister, Lena, lived with the parents on "Hamilton Prairie" until they moved to western Nebraska in 1904. There she married J. Albert Lafferty. They had no chlidren. She is now a widow and divides her time between her farm home in Marion and McCook, Nebraska.

The author was the first of the Whartons and Sanders to leave the soil and follow a profession. He pioneered in northwest Iowa as a country doctor but spent most of his professional life in Des Moines. In 1942 he was made a life member of the Iowa Medical Society, thus being identified with a fifty year career in his chosen field. During World War II he continued his practice of medicine in Long Beach, California. He is now retired. After the death of his first wife, Arminta Johnson, a native daughter of the Hamilton Prairie neighborhood, he married Blanche Calvert. They are now living in Tucson, Arizona.

Robert and Margaret Sanders again pioneered in Nebraska in the first quarter of this century and now lie buried in a rural cemetery near Danbury.

Robert Sanders died at the age of seventy-six and his wife, Margaret, at the age of ninety-one. In spite of much hardship, poverty and sickness in the home, they never lost faith in God or themselves.

Nancy Wharton Whipple

Nancy married Orlando Whipple. He died in 1875 and left her a widow with four children. For some time they had lived in Kansas but after her husband's death the family returned to the Hamilton Community. The writer's first memory of her was in the early eighties. She was able to keep her family together by all contributing to their support. When last heard from many years ago, her son, Walter, was living in Wagoner, Oklahoma. One son, Scott, was killed in a coal mine accident; two other children died when young. Nancy

died at about eighty in Hamilton after a life of hardship and sorrow.

Hester Ann Wharton Lee

Except for a few years in Kansas, Hester and her husband, Robert Lee, lived most of their lives in the Hamilton community where they both died in their eighties and are buried. Two of their nine children died in infancy but the others lived to maturity, married and the Wharton record shows a long list of grandchildren carrying on the family line.

Hester devoted her life to her family, her garden and her church. Her daughter, Mildred Lee Jolliffe, attended the Wharton Memorial Day Reunion in 1954. She was in good health, aged eighty-one, and was at that time living with her son, Elton Albert, in Knoxville, Iowa.

Matthew Rankin Wharton

Matthew Rankin and his wife, Susan Maddy, were the last of the John and Mary Anne Wharton family to arrive in Iowa. They left Indiana in 1859, soon after their first child was born, and seemed headed for California; but after they reached Pike's Peak, they turned back to their relatives on the Iowa prairie. In 1870 they went to Kansas and were in Namaha county until the grasshoppers drove them back to Iowa in 1875. During this scourge they saved their peach crop by smudging with straw and by feeding their cows with straw, they were able to feed themselves with milk and peaches. The author remembers well their return in a covered wagon. In it they had some apples and these tempted us boy to help ourselves. This our parents had taught us was stealing.

They bought a farm near Delta, Keokuk county, where they prospered and their seven children grew up and married. In the fall of 1895 Matthew died at the age of sixty-two. He and his sister, Catherine, were the only ones of the nine Wharton brothers and sisters to die of natural causes younger than about eighty. Since the Matthew Wharton family lived only briefly

on Hamilton Prairie, their contribution to the social life of Iowa belongs in the Keokuk county history.

Washington Wharton

Washington and his wife, Harriet Jane Lyons, and their six children lived on 'Hamilton Prairie' on rented farms in the depression years of the seventies. Earlier they had had a small hotel in Pella. They seem to have arrived on the Iowa frontier too late to acquire land for themselves. As the children grew older, some of them found work among the neighbors to supplement the earnings of a farm tenant family. They were a jolly singing group of children. Since they joined the 1884 migration to the Dakotas, they were lost to the Iowa Wharton community.

Andrew Jackson Wharton

When Andrew and his wife, Leah Littler, and their eight children were living on "Hamilton Prairie,' they had one of the best houses in the community. They seemed to be prosperous. Andrew was considered a good trader and after the Burlington railroad came through, he divided his interests between farming and stock shipping. He rode the prairie buying hogs chiefly. His stock answer when he was asked the price was, "They're a little bit off today.' Since neither he nor his client knew, it was thought that he bought on a safe margin.

His only profanity was said to have been "Daisy Moses" and "Thunder, lightning and blue mud." He had the reputation of being the biggest eater in the community. Once he came in with an armload of plump green corn which he proceeded to roast in the ashes in the cook stove. He gave us boys a sample of an ear apiece and then buttered and ate the rest. His regular score was a dozen eggs for Easter morning breakfast.

Andrew's four sons and four daughters were strong and athletic. It was on their pivotal slab merry-go-round that the writer experienced his first sea sickness, having just filled up on June cherries. Andrew

died at eighty. His oldest son, John Thomas, who in middle life became a banker in northeast Nebraska, died in San Diego, aged eighty-four. His oldest daughter, Eliza Susan Stoker, died in Oskaloosa at the age of ninety-five. The second daughter, Almira Amanda Kitterman, died at the age of eighty-seven and the twin sons died the same year, just before they were seventy. All of Andrew's family seem to have inherited the Wharton longevity.

James Milton Wharton

The last of the John Wharton sons, James Milton, and his wife, Susannah Horn, like his brother, Andrew had eight children who married and reared families. Most of them remained in the Dakotas and so were lost to the Mahaska county community. Some of his grandchildren are living in Hand county, South Dakota and in northwestern Iowa and Wayne county, Iowa. During World War I Uncle James visited the author in his home in Des Moines. He was then eighty and active and fit. He died at the age of ninety-two.

When the rolling plains of the Dakota territory were opened to homesteaders, the railroads and newspapers heralded the opportunities offered to settlers in the new lands. Any legal citizen could get a claim of a quarter section of land with another quarter as a tree claim without any trees thrown in for nothing. One can readily understand how ambitious and propertyless families in the Middlewest joined the great migration. By 1884 the Northwestern railroad had built into Pierre and gold was still being mined in the Black Hills.

After some twenty-five years of pioneering in Iowa, three Wharton brothers, Washington, Andrew and James, in the fall of 1883 made the trip to Hand county, South Dakota. They saw this new frontier after a rainy season when crops were good. They returned to their homes, declaring they had seen the last Utopia.

In March, 1884, the three families, about twenty-nine in all, joined in a mass movement to Dakota. While they were loading their railroad cars, this group

of kinfolk made my father's and mother's Bussey home their headquarters. Again the Whartons were joining in an epochal migration. A considerable number of their descendants still live in the high plains of the Dakotas. They were all lost to the Hamilton Prairie community.

About the time John and Mary Wharton established their home on Section 7, four of his brothers and sisters and some of their in-laws the Manns, Castles, Atchisons and Barretts, arrived from Ohio and settled near them. They were all aging people when the author remembers them. Those who died before the Bussey cemetery was established about 1880 are buried in the old Zion church yard or Sand Ridge cemetery. The markers indicate what a numerous family the Whartons once were on Hamilton Prairie but now only one, Robert Spaur, of their descendants remains there.

IV. Social Patterns of a Century

Nature is Constant, but Nurture, Morals and Institutions Change

In this broad earth of ours. . .
Nestles the seed perfection. . .
Yet again, lo! the soul, above all science,
For it has history gathered like husks around the globe
For it the entire star myriads roll through the sky. . .
For it the real to the ideal tends. . .
Out of the bulk, the morbid and the shallow,
Out of the bad majority, the varied countless frauds
of men and states,
Electric, antiseptic yet, cleaving suffusing all,
Only the good is universal.
—"Song of the Universal" by Walt Whitman

The lineage of Stanford Doud, Abraham Pack, Horace Lyman and John Wharton can be traced through three generations. Members of these families were born or lived for a number of years on Cedar Brakes and Hamilton Prairie during the century 1843-1943. There were 344 descendants of three of the pioneer couples. The Doud records are not complete. Of these, there are 75 descendants in the three generations of the Lymans; 92 in the Packs and 177 in the Whartons. With each succeeding generation there is a marked decrease in the birth rate.

The restriction of families following the Civil war seems to have been partly due to a shortage of land for homes and a depressed economy, but was probably chiefly due to social sophistication. The new generation was turning away from a large family without money to the new age of fewer children and low wages. Parents abandoned the urge to become a landed gentry, but they still hoped to find a place among the new class of commoners. Most of the third generation broke from the soil by the late nineties and turned to the crafts, business and professions. The pioneer spirit had run its course for lack of land.

The pattern followed by the four families was not essentially different from that pursued by rural people

throughout the Middle West. With the coming of rural electrification and mechanized tools this region continued to lose more and more of its farm population. Is rural society to lose its depth as the farm expands its dimensions?

Pride can be taken in the material transformation pioneer families effected in the region they selected for their homes, but more specifically, for the social and civic virtues they planted there. They had their prejudices and their faults, too, but above these, because of their long history in America, they had a family background to maintain.

Not all their contemporaries or even their neighbors were so fortunate. Codes of morals and manners are the social distillates of an endless number of trials and errors in group living. They are basically subjective; even when formulated into laws and ordinances, they must respect the common will and enlightenment of their people.

The relationships of people, even in rural society, are quite different under modern industrial conditions from what they were a century ago on the fringe of the open range. Intemperate indulgences where they existed then were excused as personal vices; whereas now in broad segments of society they are accepted as social sophistications and give rise to jokes and laughter. To dip snuff and chew tobacco is now a social vulgarity, but cigarette smoking by both men and women, the cocktail lounge and drive-in theaters are relaxations from the stresses of modern living.

The 1843-1875 Generation

By the middle of the fifties pioneer citizens were looking forward with assurance to a rich future in a peaceful society under law. The Whigs, the Democrats and the neo-Republicans all had panaceas for the many social ills that were arising in the new republic. The South with its plantations, debts, cotton, tobacco and Negroes, was clamoring for cheap money, states rights and slave labor. Free homesteads threatened to entice industrial workers to abandon their machines to enter the new landed gentry. The political fate of Kansas was held

up for years, while the new state of Missouri permitted slavery. Folks of good will were beginning to wonder whether the individual state rather than the expanded sprawling nation might not better handle some of its social problems.

The author's pioneering parents attended school, passed through their youth, married and bore their children during this first period. Like most of their generation they had a speaking acquaintance with and in many instances a personal knowledge of most of the families of their community.

The population doubled in the second generation. New means of travel and freedom of association brought other changes. Men wielded hand tools when this period began. The same hand that dressed the grinding stones for the grist mill set the water wheels in the mill race. It prodded the lazy ox along Indian trails and urged him forward as he turned the first furrow on the prairie. The same strong hand that swung the heavy ax that brought down trees to build the frontier cabin, soothed the crying child and blessed the flaxen head with a benediction. The same voice that greeted the neighbor on the road comforted the friend when in sorrow and, as a frontier magistrate, administered marriage vows to the new generation growing up on the prairie.

It was a harsh rude world but the pioneers living in it could be gentle and kindly. The same sense of mutual he'lpfulness prevailed among women as well as among men. A house raising, a husking, a threshing, a shearing, or a butchering had a community social value in which neighbors often shared. It was a moneyless economy based on barter and exchange of services and skills in which certain people excelled. It served to get things done without wages and it bound together the community as a whole. It provided a self-reliant people with subsistence needs, as well as shelter, care and entertainment without the strictures of class divisions.

During this first period the interest of the community in legal processes was pretty much limited to civil action involving small debts or minor damages. Most of these

were handled by country squires as justices of the peace, who like the school director and the road supervisor, were chosen by their peers.

Justices of the peace and township trustees were provided with a copy of the code which if consistently followed through might lead these officers to new political offices in the state. Joseph Brobst, the first township clerk in Liberty township, in about two years became the first county judge in Marion county. He was a miller by trade and it would be interesting to review his decisions. John F. Lacey, brevet major, who represented the old Sixth Iowa district in Congress for more than twenty years, was a farmer and bricklayer before he enlisted in the Civil war.

One notes that through the embryonic period of frontier society counties in Iowa were administered by magistrates with meager professional training. The clergy, the doctor, the jurist and the statesman were largely trained in the school of experience.

The first public road approved by the territorial commission was only eight miles, along the ridge from somewhere near the town of Attica to Knoxville. It seems to have been the route now followed by that lap of Highway 60. There was no provision for financing it. Like many of the early roads in the state it perhaps acquired legal status by statute of limitations.

A census of the newly formed territory of Iowa was made in 1838. The total population at that time was 22,859. Eight years later in 1846 when Iowa became the twenty-ninth state in the Union, the population had increased to 102,388.

Jefferson and Liberty townships were probably not definitely defined until 1845. This was two years after pioneers arrived and took possession of their homesteads. Voting precincts were established for the two counties, Mahaska and Marion, during the summer of 1846, but Iowa did not actually become a state until three days before the end of that year. In the first Liberty township election of which there is a record preserved, Horace Lyman was chosen township treasurer.

In the fall of 1856 when the author's parents ferried across the Mississippi at Burlington, the first steam engine on rails in Iowa ran three miles west from Keokuk to Buena Vista. By the end of the war trains were running on to Eddyville and from Rock Island to Des Moines. The days of the wood carvers, weavers and herb doctors were passing, and Hostetler's almanac was losing its lure.

During the Civil war years the economy was so much eased by good crops and high prices that a few of the better conditioned families were able to send an occasional son or daughter away to college. Two of these turned to the professions and of course left the farm.

The 1875-1905 Generation

By the early eighties life was a little more comfortable on our Iowa brakes and prairies. The infant birth and death rate was falling off. Nutritional diseases among infants and such community scourges as diphtheria and scarlet fever decreased somewhat. Large families became less common. Within one generation the birth rate of the first four families fell off fifty per cent, and it has declined slightly ever since among rural communities of English stock.

Childbirth continued to be generally attended by friendly neighbors or self-acclaimed midwives. It is doubtful whether the maternal or infant death rates would have been improved had there been doctors in attendance as nothing was known of the bacterial cause of disease or the use of antiseptics until about 1890. Tuberculosis continued to be the greatest community killer. Typhoid fever was a regular autumnal scourge.

State laws regulating the practice of medicine were passed in 1881. Thereafter a young man entering the practice of medicine had to be licensed by the state after graduating from an approved school of medicine. Bussey got its first licensed doctor about this time. It had a population of about one hundred but served a community numbering about fifteen hundred.

At the first religious service conducted in the town

of Bussey, the young Methodist clergyman, J. H. Hard, chose his text from the book of Zacharia, "For who hath despised the day of small things?" Three years later in 1881 the first church was built and the author's father, Robert Sanders, was one of the trustees. The cost of the frame building was fourteen hundred dollars and it was dedicated free of debt.

Formal schooling during the first thirty years was very limited; both boys and girls married at a young age. The average school attendance increased in the next generation (1875-1905), to possibly the sixth grade and the marriage age to 20-23. It is doubtful whether this extension of formal education and the postponement of marriage influenced favorably or unfavorably the social morals of youth as it contributed little to an understanding of the physical or spiritual self, although it did give additional time for sophistication. The last school in the one-room building in Bussey was taught by the author in 1891 with an enrollment of about seventy pupils. For this service he received thirty-two dollars per month which was applied on a medical education. The bank of Bussey opened in 1892 and has never closed its doors.

Even before the twenty-four or twenty-five sections of Hamilton Prairie were fenced in, it became apparent that about half of this acreage could never be brought into grain production, and as open land disappeared, stock range became more limited. Utopia was lagging far behind the dream. Blue grass came in about the time the chinch bug did and what was gained in forage was lost in grain. In the mid-seventies the price of grain and meat struck an almost all-time low. Even if there had been produce to sell, there was no market except huckstering among neighbors in an economy with neither credit nor money. It was into this vacuum that the third generation was born. In time it came to doubt the possibility of a Utopia in this realm.

In 1876 the first railroad and telegraph came through the community and put the population in touch with the outside world. When it reached the Des Moines river,

white pine sawmills along the Mississippi river shipped train loads of dressed lumber west. The best farms came under cultivation and were fenced in, and the old prairie trails were abandoned for section roads. Frame schoolhouses supplanted the old log schoolhouses, and many farmers replaced their old log cabins with frame buildings. This gave rise to a new society in which carpenters, bricklayers and painters were paid daily wages.

The railroad split Hamilton ridge along the county line, from the margin of the prairie down into the Des Moines valley. The capital city was getting its fourth railroad and it came right through Cedar Brakes and Hamilton Prairie. After a generation it became a part of the world community.

Cedar hill with its high grade fixed the location of the town of Bussey. Locomotives had to divide their trains to get up the grade, and a switch on the summit of the prairie was inevitable. The railroad by-passed the old booming Cedar creek town of Marysville and determined the future of Hamilton. Henceforth the new town of Bussey was to be the metropolis of Liberty and Jefferson townships and much of the countryside beyond. If Bussey had had a good road to Eddyville, it might have become quite a little city.

Along the railroad switch, a station house, granaries and a lumber yard sprang up like mushrooms. A town of sixteen square blocks was laid out on the old James Rousseau homestead, at this time the home of Uncle Jesse Bussey. The first train at the end of the switch one dark night was terribly frightening as the giant Cyclops glared down the track coming north from Hamilton. Unlike more familiar animals, this weird creature seemed to have no zoological harmony. A country child did not know but that it might jump the track and chase him over the prairie.

It was only about fifty years ago that the Cedar Brakes and Hamilton Prairie community discovered its greatest resource. The shaft mining of coal was its biggest business until petroleum and gas became a more acceptable source of power. The operation of powerful der-

ricks, trucks and bulldozers by gasoline-powered motors not only transformed the economy of the community, but likewise the face of nature. Strip mining and coal trucking became its biggest business. With the increased use of mechanical power on the prairie, the number of people on farms has greatly decreased. The introduction of new methods of merchandising and accounting, and the widespread use of electricity and rapid transportation have brought all the people into contact with large industrial and commercial centers to which workers and traders can commute and still maintain homes in the rural community.

The 1905-1945 Generation

Twenty years before the second phase of this rural society came to an end about 1905, farmers had begun to learn that only the most favorably situated among them could do more than decently support a family on a quarter section of land. For the many who had less or none, there seemed no economic future open to their children. Except for the prairie farms, much of the naturally sparse loam on the land had washed away and there seemed no way to restore it.

Throughout its whole history the Liberty and Jefferson township sides of this rural community had been under separate political jurisdictions and the church people under different communions. Even the little town of Bussey could not quite overcome these differences. The fact that the school and highway districts were under different jurisdictions had disadvantages.

There was no bridge across the Des Moines river on the Oskaloosa road until the early eighties. This was a great disadvantage to farm families in Jefferson township. It also unfavorably influenced the education of the young people since Oskaloosa, like Pella, has provided college opportunities for young people since before the Civil War. The one convenience Bussey lacked most was a bridged and graded road into the large and well-to-do farming community beyond Coal creek. Except for the first mile the section line road going east from Bussey for four miles, was so rugged and hilly it was

almost impossible for farmers to truck loads over it until the automobile age of the third generation arrived.

About the time of World War I the retirement of farmers and an influx of miners into Bussey brought its population to an all-time high of about a thousand. The inflationary boom of the war years gave a new impetus to community activity. Everybody bought war bonds while the drums beat loudly for the saving of democracy. Bank files accumulated the promissory notes of misguided farmers for the most fantastic schemes of corporate financing and stock promotion the country had experienced since the Mississippi Bubble. When the sifting-down period came in the early twenties, the financial ruin of many rural communities was almost complete.

The prairie was still poor and, lacking tangible assets to support overlarge loans, escaped most of the catastrophies richer neighborhoods experienced. Conservative commercial banks survived because of good management and a solvent community.

The main thing that saved the third generation was its "black diamond" located in the earth. During and immediately following World War I the railroads and an expanding automobile industry maintained the market for steam coal, and the pay rolls of the miners and the highway workers saved the economy from ruin in the twenties.

In 1916 the Bussey community built a consolidated school with free transportation for students living in the rural areas of Liberty and Jefferson townships.

In 1927 the community united its two communions of Methodism that had split so badly during the emotional tension that preceded the Civil war, and enlarged and modernized its church building. A nonsectarian board administers a well-kept cemetery on the beautiful ridge adjoining the town over which the Red Man roamed a little more than a century ago.

It is here the spirits of the pioneers still keep watch and, when they speak, declare that now, as always,

the richest treasure of the prairie ridge is its youth. From them emerge the farmer, the skilled worker, the businessman, the teacher, the soldier, the statesman, and the master craftsman of the arts and professions. Because of them civilization advances.

For the few who remain when Charon shakes the urn and convokes the Council of the Silent, may the bells not toll as they too, join the silent majority.

The wild geese and ducks, and the sandhill cranes with their same well-ordered figure in the gray-blue sky, fly north and south with each succeeding equinox; but the prairie and its people have greatly changed since the first three pioneers staked out their homesteads there, just after midnight, May first, 1843.

V. Epilogue—Some Social Derelictions

Lest the reader is led to think an ideal culture was produced during the last century, it is only fair to record some of the moral delinquencies, tragedies and crimes.

Our settlement began before there was any civic or social organization above the family level. The pioneers' education consisted mainly of the practical skills and arts as they were practiced in the original thirteen colonies and the deeply forested territory along the Ohio river and its tributaries.

During the period of the first generation, 1843-1875, our brakes and prairies were relatively free from misdemeanors. We did have some fights and a moderate amount of drunkeness; but I have no knowledge and found no record of a felonious act having been committed in either Liberty or Jefferson township during this time. Our community seemed to have escaped the political feuds and mob violence that prevailed in some of the border counties about the time of the outbreak of the Civil war.

Most of the able-bodied young men did valiant service for the preservation of the Union and returned to civil life as honorable citizens. Of the twelve boys who enlisted from our four families, seven paid the supreme sacrifice. It was a terrible way to become of age.

The country dances in the mid-seventies and later were in the home but some times were not all music and rhythm. Occasionally there was liquor and fighting, too. Some of the fighting was done by gangs that moved from place to place and provided some inside entertainment. The nucleus of one of these was three curly-headed, blue-eyed Irish brothers from Bellfountain. They always drank and fought together and were never quite satisfied until they lined up against some equal opposition group. Their code ruled out guns but

included such loose household articles as chairs, bootjacks and stove wood. The shifting of the scene was rapid but nobody was killed. One of these middleweights became quite popular on the prairie and my favorite aunt married him. After becoming discouraged by the depression and being drowned out as a farmer in the floods of the seventies, they moved to the new town of Bussey where my uncle became a successful saloon keeper and reared a nice family. I was a little disappointed when the state went dry in 1884, for I missed his generous gift of candy Christmas morning.

During the growing up period of my generation, 1870-1900, a half dozen or so of my schoolmates went to work on the railroad and within ten or twelve years were pulling semaphores and shuttling freight trains from Pittsburgh to El Paso and from Minneapolis to the Golden Gate and Puget Sound. Another half dozen, more venturesome than the rest, saddled their ponies and rode off into the Wild West to become cow punchers on the plains. Of these only one survived until old age. Two died of lung diseases, another died a natural death, but two disappeared about the time the range feuds were raging in the high plains about fifty years ago. Another, a cousin of mine, died of typhus fever in Yucatan after riding a bronco and wangling a pack horse through Mexico about the turn of the century. In our community were several imbeciles, most of whom died at middle age.

As a school boy and a teacher in both Liberty and Jefferson townships, I am sure that our youth were remarkably free from social vices. Through these school years there was a respectable chivalry for each other's sisters. This spoke well for the homes in which they grew up.

Some of the misdemeanors of our community were more mischievous than they were evil. One Sunday evening in early spring three Bluff creek youth decided to come over to Bussey to "enjoy" the prayer meeting. After warming up a bit at the stove they sat down to listen to the service. But to add a little zest to the meet-

ing the leader pulled a baby pig from his pocket and let it loose on the floor. The meeting broke up in confusion and the boys returned to their homes quite satisfied with their escapade.

But not so for the prayer meeting leader who happened to be the village squire. He swore out a warrant for their arrest and haled them into court and fined them. It was a good lesson in social morals. One of these jolly fellows later became an exhorter in the Protestant faith and really had an effective influence for Christian living.

Unfortunately fate was not so kind to some of my generation. One of my most promising school boys married a young widow but was shot from ambush in the Ozarks before he could get his bride to their new home. Another of my pupils married and moved away but in a fit of jealous rage disfigured himself for life in an attempted suicide. I believe these tragedies were chiefly due to heredity and alcoholism.

Two brothers were frequently court characters in Marysville, Liberty township, for ten or fifteen years. Their crimes were at first more against property than against people. They were keen traders and in no sense illiterate. The older read law and later practiced it succesfully, especially in the justice courts. Frequently when crimes were charged against some of his friends, he would secure a change of venue to another court and by some clever devices manage to clear his clients.

One dark night while he was sitting by the window in his mother's home, he was fatally shot. It was surmised that a few people could have told who the assassin was but the grand jury found no true bill and no one was charged with the murder. The ring split into factions and after this incident the Marysville neighborhood became a better place to live and safer place to own property.

During a period of about twenty-five years I recall several illigitimacies. Half of these concerned surround-

ing neighborhoods but about half were girls of our own prairie. They were usually motherless unprotected girls. The male parents of these babies went scot free. For the mothers concerned perhaps this was not so bad, for there never had been any true affection between them. Some of these young mothers later after they matured married some one of their own choice and reared respectable families.

The great misfortune of these misdemeanors fell upon the innocent children. Among these the boys seemed to have fared better than the girls, for some were adopted by foster parents. Two of these grew up in our community and entered the professions. If the mothers of these black-balled babies did not marry, there was no escape for their illigitimate children. When the baby girls grew up about the only place open to them was as servants in cheap boarding houses or as maids in taverns.

With the increase in illigitimacies, now apparent in our industrial society these misfortunes are somewhat ameliorated by adoption into childless homes of worthy and able families. For the illigitimate child who is at once confronted with the mores of society into which he is born, the safeguard of legal adoption is a godsend my generation on the prairie knew nothing of.

Rather charitable was our rural neighborhood to a young Scotch-Irish girl who fell in love with a struggling young farmer who was studying for the ministry. This young cleric's parents had separated when the son was young; his mother had married again and the boy grew up pretty much on his own. He was a diligent and dependable youth with a rather good mind. For a time he taught country school.

In my parents' log cabin home one night, after a season of prayer he announced he had experienced a call to the ministry and as soon as he could be ordained, he was going into the foreign mission work. Both he and the girl had musical talent and striking personalities and it was thought they would make a strong missionary team.

But in an unguarded moment this young girl had compromised herself with another man before she had become seriously interested in this young preacher, and now found herself in grave trouble. The lovers parted; she bore her sorrow and her child alone, but she did have the sympathy of the whole community. Forty years later I met this returned missionary at a great religious world gathering. I was never quite sure where his heart had been.

May 28, 1887, Jefferson township was shocked by one of the most terrible crimes ever committed in Iowa. The author as a farm youth was working in a field adjoining our school house when Uncle Horace Lyman rode by to warn the teacher, my sister, Ella, to beware of a murderer who might be lurking in the neighborhood. Mounting my best horse, I rode bareback across the Lyman section into the Coal creek woods where a farm house was smouldering in ruins. A crowd of neighbors was standing about in silence. Just inside the kitchen door stoop lay their neighbor's body. Outside scarcely twenty feet away lay the horribly slashed body of his wife. By her side lay an ax, apparently the instrument of the crime. Fortunately Fall and his wife had no children.

The search for the murderer revealed the tracks of a man who had run down the hillside from the house through the timber. About daybreak a stranger had been seen walking across the field toward the old Haymaker ford on Cedar creek, eight miles west of where the crime had been committed. Twenty-four hours later he was arrested by Marion county officers near the inland town of Attica.

He proved to be a former pal of the victim. They had spent a year or so together in Leadville during the Colorado gold rush. He was a paranoid with a split personality and no doubt nursed for years a delusion of some injustice by his former friend and had returned to the community to slay him. The contemplation of the horrible agonies of the last few conscious

moments of these neighbors so shocked me that I hardly recovered for several months.

The prompt disposal of the perpetrator of the Fall murders by legal means and his commitment to an institution for the insane was a good example of civil government and the administration of justice. The murderer was apprehended and arrested in one county and turned over to the jurisdiction of the courts where the crime had been committed.

Confronted by such social derelictions as here recorded, one wonders whether by its mores, rites and laws society may not have set for itself, or more specifically for others, unattainable ideals and goals. Even so this is as it should be. Without ideals what can men strive for? Sociologists, moralists, physicians and clergymen deal intimately with concrete situations and realize there is no short cut and simple way to make human beings perfect.

Every decade brings new challenges which have to be met by trial and error since there are no precedents for guides. Our pioneer fathers spent their efforts in the struggle for survival and the establishment of homes. We, too, have problems with no precedents to follow. How will we cope with our challenges in this new atomic age?

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Corrections and Additions on Booklet
"Cedar Brakes and Hamilton Prairie"
by W.E..Sanders, M.D.

Page 16 – "note" changes – David II Born 1765 should be corrected to read 1755.

Page 16 – "note" addition – David III B. Apr. 22, 1776 at Lebanon, Conn, Died – Dec. 20, 1858 at Douds, Iowa.

Page 16 – "note" addition – Stanford died in 1891 at Eldon, Iowa.

Page 16 – "note" change – 2nd paragraph – Should read – He was oldest son of David Doud III and Fear Beaumont. Stanford received his Christian name from his great grandmother – Rebecca Stanford, and he in turn passed it on to his second son. "Delete" the rest of the paragraph.

Page 16 – "note" correction for deleted part of the paragraph – David III and Fear Doud had eight children, namely Stanford, David IV, John Mason, Eliab, Harriett, Norton, Alonzo and Edward.

Stanford, David IV, John Mason and Eliab together with their parents, David III and Fear Doud brought the Doud name into Iowa.

Page 16 – 3rd paragraph – "Delete" – "Like his own mother."

Page 16 – 3rd paragraph – "note" correction – Change 4 to 6 small children.

Page 16 – "note" change – Guernsey to Licking County.

Page 17 – 2nd paragraph – "note" addition – Attica and Pleasantville also.

Page 19 – "note" change – 2nd paragraph – Guernsey to Licking County.

Page 19 – "note" addition – "Johnstown – Licking County, Ohio.

Page 19 – "note" correction – 1891 to 1881

Page 20 – "note" correction – 3rd paragraph – Darnall to Darnell.

Page 21 – For further information on descendants turn to family tree.

Page 21 – "note" correction Pegeler to Pageler

Page 22 – "note" correction – change 8 children to 10 children.

Page 22 – "note" correction "Frazer" to Fraser.

Page 22 – "addition" to the Stanford Doud Jr. paragraph – A baby was born prematurely to Martha and Stanford Jr., but died and was buried with its mother.

Page 23 – "addition" to the Stanford Doud Jr. paragraph – Two other children were born to Francis and Laura Doud. They were Sedora Isabella, and Jesse H. Doud. Jesse H. Doud married Louise Maitre. Their children were Jesse Jr., Viola and Maxine.

Jesse Jr. married Mary Ann Durlo and now lives in California, and is an auditor for the Western Pacific R.R..

Page 23 – "note" correction – Bleschmidt to Blekschmidt

Page 23 – "note" addition – and a grandson Paul Doud followed this craft.

Page 24 – The Edward Doud paragraph – "delete" He found that his mother had died during the war years.

Page 24 – In Susan Doud Godfrey paragraph – "note" correction – 10 Godfrey children to 12 Godfrey children

Page 25 – "note" correction in Susan Doud Godfrey paragraph – Edward Stuart, Malcom Ernest, and Charles Walter were married and left children. For further information turn to family tree.

Page 26 – "note" correction – 2nd paragraph – "and her niece," to, "and her second

cousin." Mae Godfrey Gladson

Page 26 – "note" addition – 2nd paragraph –
Other relatives who contributed to the marker were, Maxine Doud, Edna Whitlatch, Stanford Blekschmidt, Leota Godfrey Henriou, Bernice Godfrey Hart.

Corrections and additions have been made by Mae Godfrey Gladson and her brother Lloyd Godfrey.

June 20, 1960

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